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THE POLITICAL OPPORTUNITY OF THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS F. RYAN.

THE Democrats of the South for many years controlled the policy of the Democratic Party, and the Democratic Party directed the policy of the nation. Until the question of slavery divided North and South, the influence of the Democracy of the South was always cast in favor of those conservative policies which had the approval of the best intellects of the North, and which tended to the equal benefit of both sections. For the period of sixty years ending in 1861, out of fifteen administrations there were only two which were not Democratic; and of the thirteen Presidential terms served by Democratic Presidents, nine were served by men from the Southern States and six by the three founders of Democracy—Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

During these sixty years, the nation moved steadily forward in a path of prosperity, which was interrupted only by those checks which are almost inevitable in the rapid expansion of a young and undeveloped country. The territory of the Union was extended from the narrow fringe along the Alleghenies to Florida, the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande on the south, and to the shores of the western ocean. The productive and civilized population of the country spread across the Mississippi Valley and began the line of settlements which was to link the Middle West

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with the Pacific Coast. The gold standard had become the monetary system of the country; and, in spite of the errors usual in new countries, the banking system of the more conservative Southern States, like Virginia, Louisiana and South Carolina, had been adjusted on sound and safe principles. Federal legislation was confined in the main to the province prescribed for it by the Constitution. Taxes were levied in a manner to afford some degree of protection to young industries, without the attempt to legislate in favor of classes and sections which became too conspicuous a feature of the legislation of the forty years which followed. The Constitution as it stood after the adoption of the "Bill of Rights" remained substantially unaltered; and no President had ventured to advocate an amendment to the Constitution, changing the relation of the States to the Federal Union, simply as a political expedient to meet a popular clamor.

The question which now confronts the Democrats of the South is, whether these conditions can be restored and a return made, for another period of half a century or more, to conservative Democratic government, with the healthy progress which marked those early years of the creation and building of the nation. It lies largely with the Democrats of the South to determine whether this shall be, or whether the Democratic Party shall continue, by pursuing false gods and strange doctrines, to alarm those who by the sweat of their brow have acquired some stake in the wealth of the country, and shall turn its back upon the principles of Jefferson and Madison to adopt those of Karl Marx and the state socialists of Europe.

Democratic Party leadership at the present time carries a responsibility such as has rarely fallen to the lot of a statesman. It involves success or failure in the effort to preserve, in this country, those conditions of well-ordered liberty which have drawn to our shores the poor and oppressed of other lands, by the guarantees afforded by our form of government that here should prevail for every man freedom of conscience, freedom to labor and to contract for his labor or its products, and equality of opportunity to seek for his products a free market, unfettered by restrictive national laws such as erect artificial barriers between State and State or citizen and citizen.

It would be fitting that the delegates to the next Democratic National Convention from all the States of the South should act

together in support of a policy and candidates. Such a policy and such candidates need not and should not be sectional. To make them so would defeat the very purpose of the union of the South, which should be to appeal to the confidence of the voters of those Northern States which are capable of contributing to the election of a Democratic President and Vice-President.

The Democrats of the Southern States, if they act together, can exercise the same controlling voice in the next Democratic National Convention which they exercised in so many conventions previous to the fatal break over slavery at Charleston. The slavery issue, with all that pertained to it, has been eliminated from Federal politics. If the embers of a radicalism which desires to inflict negro rule upon the Southern States occasionally flicker into a flame in Washington, it is all the more the duty of the men of the South to stand together for policies which mean conservatism and promise victory; and it is certain that in so doing they will not lack the support of every Democrat and of many conservative Republicans in the Northern States. a

The next Democratic National Convention will consist of 994 delegates. This total includes the allotment made at the last National Convention of six votes each to all the Territories, including Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands. Of this number 498 will constitute a majority, and 663 will be necessary to make up the two-thirds required to nominate candidates under the time-honored rule of a Democratic convention. The votes of 332 delegates would constitute more than one-third of the Convention and would prevent an unwise nomination. The Southern States, including Maryland, Delaware and the other border States, will have in the National Convention a total of 338 votes. These votes are sufficient to prevent an unwise nomination.

It is obvious, however, that, if the Democrats of the South decide to cast their influence in favor of conservative policies and candidates, they will receive powerful support from the Northern States, and especially from those of the East and the Middle West. The eastern group of States alone, comprising New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, will have 252 votes in the Convention, and with the South would make up a total of 590 votes. In order to obtain the remaining 73 votes required to make two-thirds of the National Convention, it would be necessary to look to such States of the Middle West as Indiana

with 30 votes, Illinois with 54, Michigan with 28, Minnesota with 22, and Wisconsin with 26. The delegates of Indiana and Illinois, with those of the South and East, would constitute two-thirds of the Convention and give overwhelming preponderance to any policy upon which those States agreed. Illinois and Wisconsin, or the group made up of Indiana, Michigan and Minnesota, would also be sufficient, with the South and East, to make two-thirds.

In determining what shall be the policy of the next Democratic National Convention, the action of the South will be almost decisive, if the conservative men of that section exert themselves to resume their old influence in the party. It is high time that the Democrats of the South realized that they have nothing to gain by coquetting with Populism, or by following vagaries which have excited the distrust of conservative and thoughtful men everywhere, and which, during the last six years, have too often united against the Democratic Party all who had a dollar to lose by the debasement of the metallic standard, or whose success was to be sought by the exertion of their hands or brains. The Democratic Party won its repeated victories from 1800 to 1860, and its victories of 1876, 1884 and 1892, because it advocated those conservative policies which lay at the foundation of party doctrine in the time of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and which inspired in the country the conviction that a Democratic administration meant strict adherence to the Constitution, careful economy in public expenditures, and the administration of laws regarding taxation and privilege which would conform most nearly to the theory of equal rights and privileges for all and the greatest good to the greatest number. Among those policies, a return to which at the present time would bring strength to the party, these may be enumerated:

- (1) A moderate tariff for revenue, without prejudice to domestic industries;
- (2) A sound currency;
- (3) Moderation in public expenditures;
- (4) The restriction of the Federal government to its legitimate functions, and opposition to the further extension of its powers over the acts and industries of the people of the States.

In the formulation of a tariff policy the question of free trade in its absolute sense may properly be eliminated. It has always

been the policy of our government, as it is of nearly every civilized government, to rely upon customs duties for a considerable part of its revenue. The only method of doing this which departs radically from the American system is the English method of levying duties on articles, like sugar, tobacco, tea and coffee, which are produced exclusively abroad, and which therefore do not compete with domestic products. It is safe to say that no Democratic administration in the near future will seriously propose such a policy. The cry of free trade, directed against any policy which has ever been seriously proposed by a responsible Democratic statesman, is grossly misleading. It has been used simply as a bugaboo to scare children and to "fry the fat" out of protected interests.

The question of the tariff, therefore, reduces itself to this: whether, in distributing duties over a long list of articles, certain reductions shall be made upon those articles which are most highly taxed, and which may come into competition with the products of American mills. It is safe to say that no Democratic Congress which can be elected will pass a measure that will wipe out protection or reduce it upon highly finished products below a reasonable protective point. Upon what constitutes a reasonable protective point there will be wide differences of opinion between the manufacturer, for whom every increase of duty means additional profits and a special license for the use of inferior machinery and antiquated plants, and the consumer, who believes that he should be free to purchase what he needs in the cheapest market. Upon these questions it is not worth while to enter here. It is sufficient to say that whatever is done by the Democratic Party, if again placed in power by the support of the South, should have due regard to the reasonable needs of American manufactures, but should not prostitute Congress to the contemptible part of acting as the pliant tool of special interests. Upon this proposition, in spite of the outcry and outlay of these interests, the Democratic Party may safely appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the nation.

The Democratic Party was the first champion of the gold standard in the United States, and its leaders have been among the foremost in advocating an intelligent reform of the bank-note currency. When the gold standard first became law in 1834, it was largely by the efforts of Thomas Benton and Andrew Jack-

son, both Southern men, one of whom earned the epithet of "Old Bullion" by his firm devotion to that standard. At a later date, after the country had been plunged into the abyss of depreciated paper, against the advice of the conservative bankers of New York, and when faltering steps were being taken to restore gold payments, it was Southern men, like Bayard of Delaware, Hill of Georgia, Lamar of Mississippi, and Garland of Arkansas, who lent their votes in critical emergencies in support of the return to specie payments and sound money and in saving the Republican Party in Congress from its own worst elements.

It is needless to recite the history of the resolute fight made by the last two Democratic administrations for the gold standard and against the debasement of the currency. While Democratic Secretaries of the Treasury, like Daniel Manning, Charles S. Fairchild and John G. Carlisle, were struggling to counteract the effects of Republican silver legislation, Republican Presidents, Secretaries and Senators were denouncing their action, and sending roving bimetallic commissions abroad to demonstrate their desire to make new concessions to the enemies of the gold standard. It is the testimony of John Sherman that the silver law of 1890 was passed because a Republican President could not be counted upon to veto a free coinage bill. "How different the record of the Democratic President who followed, who was willing to sacrifice his party, if need be, to the preservation of the gold standard and the maintenance of the national honor! Both Presidents followed the historic precedents of their parties,—the Republican, in looking to government interference with monetary laws as a means of creating value; the Democrat, in looking to the bullion in the coin as the test of value, which law might recognize but could not alter.

Secretary Carlisle was the pioneer in the official presentation to Congress of a comprehensive plan of bank-note reform, which has since received the approval in principle of such eminent Republican Secretaries of the Treasury as Mr. Gage and Mr. Shaw. This question is one which the South might well take up as peculiarly related to its prosperity. The bank-note does not differ essentially in its character from the certified check or certificate of deposit, except that it is issued in printed form for even amounts in order to pass conveniently from hand to hand. The government is not justified in putting restrictions on the issue

of bank-notes any more than on the acceptance of deposits by a bank, except so far as those restrictions are necessary to the security of the public and for carrying out the purpose of a note as a convenient means of transferring credit and capital.

The question of a proper paper currency is more important to the South than to the commercial centres of the North, because the bank-note is better adapted to communities where banking facilities are widely separated and where comparatively few people keep bank accounts, than to communities where banks are on almost every corner and a check-book is in every man's drawer. Republican legislation has imposed a tax of ten per cent. upon instruments of credit in the form of bank-notes when issued by State banks, and has imposed a tax of one per cent. and other serious fetters upon such issues by a national bank. This is not the place to argue the question whether State banks should be again permitted to issue notes. To a certain extent, the knitting together of all parts of the country by the railway, telegraph and telephone systems makes it desirable that whatever currency is used should be uniform throughout the nation. When this point is conceded, however, it by no means follows that restrictions should be imposed by law upon the use of bank-notes beyond such as are required to secure the safety and uniformity of the notes and thereby insure their convenience to the public who use them.

Laws which impose such restrictions upon the issue of notes in printed form and impose no restrictions upon the use of credit in the form of the certified check, the deposit receipt and the pass book, are an injurious discrimination against the agricultural sections of the West as well as the South. Such a discrimination it should be one of the first cares of a Democratic administration to remove. Secretary Carlisle pointed the way in his admirable report to Congress in 1894. His Republican successors have followed in his footsteps, but a Republican Congress has thus far refused to accept their suggestions. The Republican Party, by perpetual discussion and continued inaction, apparently confesses its incompetence to deal with the question. It should be one of the first duties of a Democratic administration to take up this problem and solve it, in accordance with the needs of the great commercial development to which the country has attained. For this purpose a Democratic administration would have the support and aid of the ablest men of both parties.

Moderation in public expenditures has been one of the historic policies of the Democratic Party. If there has ever been a tendency to carry economy too far, it has been more than counterbalanced by Republican extravagance, and is an error which is too rare in the administration of modern governments. The ordinary expenditures of the United States have increased from \$260,226,935 or \$4.63 *per capita* for 1885, to \$487,713,791 or \$6.39 *per capita* for 1900, and \$509,967,353 or \$6.56 *per capita* for 1901. A part of this great increase has, no doubt, been occasioned by the growth of the country and by the new classes of functions imposed by Republican legislation upon the Federal government; but the question whether these new expenditures are justified goes deeper than the mere salary roll of a new bureau, and touches the vital Democratic doctrine whether these new functions ought in any case to be imposed upon the Federal government. Upon this issue of economy and the strict scrutiny of public expenditures, Mr. Tilden achieved his victory of 1876, and Mr. Cleveland commended himself to the confidence of the Democrats of New York and the nation. The South, which profits only in a limited degree by the wealth arising from new inventions, railway extension, and the economies in production obtained by improved industrial management, is less disposed, perhaps, than the North to witness with patience the lavishing of the money raised by taxation upon objects of doubtful utility or beyond the legitimate scope of Federal action.

Upon the vital question of the scope of Federal power, the Democrats of the South can afford to take a position which conforms to the historical teachings of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. The people of the South have suffered enough from abuse of Federal power,—from the presence of United States deputy-marshals at their elbows when they are seeking to govern themselves, from the intervention of Federal courts to foist upon them laws and decisions which would not be enacted by their own Legislatures and could not be enforced by their local courts,—to make them think twice before giving their sanction to the further extension of Federal authority. They are likely to realize more clearly perhaps than the people of the North and West, whose domestic institutions have been less subject to such interference, what it would mean if a constitutional amendment or a statute should extend the power of the Federal government to all the

many questions affecting corporations established under the laws of the States. They would again have Federal judges invading every province of their domestic life, passing upon the legality and interpretation of those laws which they had formed to regulate limited liability in stock companies, to provide for the distribution of the assets of such companies and to regulate their employment of labor and all the points at which they come in contact in production, transportation and distribution with the individual in his private life. The South can well afford to support a policy of conservatism and candid examination of the great economic problems which have been raised by combinations of capital and the consolidation of industries, without being swept off its feet by the clamor for some action, however hasty and ill considered, to prove that the party in power is ready to cater to the popular prejudice of the moment. In judging of the attitude of the two parties on this and kindred questions, thoughtful men are not likely to overlook the contrast drawn by a powerful New York newspaper, which was among the most earnest supporters of McKinley and Roosevelt in 1900, regarding "the tremendous service" rendered by the last Democratic administration "in the summer of 1894 as the conservator of property rights and government by law, when it never once thought of proposing arbitration with mob violence, but inaugurated other and effective measures under the existing statutes of the United States."

Local self-government and the rights reserved to the States are among the most essential safeguards of our institutions. A system of checks and balances, which shall prevent encroachment by one department of government upon another, or by either upon the people, is the essential feature which distinguishes our Republic from those centralized bureaucracies which mimic representative government on the Continent of Europe and in Latin America. It will be a day of dark portent for the future of our institutions when the Federal government lays its heavy hand on every man's shoulder, and reaches down into his private business and his household life. Such interference is tolerated at the custom-houses and in the manufacture of liquor and cigars, because it is limited to the special purposes of taxation; but if the time ever comes when the same degree of interference is extended to all the relations of life, the American republic will represent a systematized machine only waiting the firm hand of a Cæsar or a

Napoleon to divert its potent enginery to personal and dangerous ends. If a President can lawfully interfere between one class of employers and their employees, he can interfere in all, and the safeguards of State law and local courts will become as impotent as the empty forms of the Roman constitution under Augustus.

It should be the policy of the Democratic Party of the South to turn the keen sunlight of sound principles upon present-day questions, and to seek solutions in harmony with our institutions instead of destructive of them. So jealous were the American people of the undue extension of Federal power that, in many of the States, they voted for ratification of the Constitution only upon the implied condition that it should be amended so as to better guard their rights. The first ten amendments, popularly known as "The Bill of Rights," crystallized this popular demand. They were adopted by the First Congress and were promptly ratified. The last of these ten amendments declared that: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." To guard the rights of the States and of the people under the Constitution has been the historic mission of the Democratic Party, and is more than ever its obligation of to-day. To guard the Constitution against those who would impair or destroy it, is necessary to prevent our system of checks and balances from being perverted into a centralized bureaucracy, capable of being turned by incompetence, ambition, or misdirected zeal, in moments of popular passion, against those political attributes of the citizen which "the Bill of Rights" declares to be sacred. "The Constitution as it is," is a battle-cry which may come to have a vital meaning, and which may again array those who love their country under the banner of the Democratic Party.

"Let me exhort and conjure you," wrote Junius, "never to suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by, without a determined, persevering resistance." There has of late been an evasion of the Constitution which was but the first step to an invasion of it. Nothing has happened in forty years that has given more concern to all thoughtful men than the usurpation by the Executive of the power to interfere between the employer and the employed. Furthermore, it is impossible to disconnect

it from the expressed intention to force an amendment to the Constitution, for ends wholly at variance with its spirit and with the intent of its framers—ends than which nothing could ultimately prove more subversive of the rights of the States or more destructive of the very foundations of the Government itself. It will be for the Democracy to offer a determined, persevering and overwhelming resistance to all such trespass. Fealty to the Constitution and a proper respect to the principles therein inculcated by our fathers, are a sufficient guide and inspiration to party conduct. With them, defeat may be honorable and success be at least deserved.

All these suggestions of policy for the Democratic Party of the South hark back to the vital Democratic principle, that there shall be the least possible interference by the state with private rights, and that the citizen shall be free under equal laws to seek and welcome opportunity wherever it is found. In this freedom of action by individuals, acting singly and in voluntary association, to follow their own bent, lies the secret of the industrial efficiency which has made us the envy of the over-governed, centralized and paternal states of the Old World. Their economic history should be a warning to us against the application here of those principles of government interference which shut up industry in the narrow rut of official routine, and which stifle invention, enterprise and energy by seeking to rob the possessor of those qualities of the fruits of their exercise. The fundamental policy of the Democratic Party is the policy of industrial freedom. This policy, heretofore respected by all parties within our own broad limits, if not in our relations with other peoples, is now threatened by the application of the nostrums which handicap the industry of Germany, France and Russia. The ball and chain of government interference with manufactures, with the Bourse and with exchanges, which they are compelled to drag along in the unequal race with America, it is now proposed that we shall fasten upon our own free limbs, in order that our industries may not reduce the cost of their products to too low a point, and may not reap too rich a reward for their economy and efficiency!

Against these new follies of budding state-socialism, the Democratic Party of the Union can afford to array itself with unflinching faith, and in such a movement the Democrats of the

South should be the leaders. Such an attitude would be in harmony with the Democratic faith of the past; it would be in harmony with the best aspirations of the Democracy for the future. Upon the subject of the tariff, freedom from undue favors to special interests; upon the currency, freedom for the use of credit in all forms which are useful to industry, without any further regulation than public safety and convenience require; upon public expenditures, freedom from waste and excessive taxation; upon the regulation of corporations, freedom from special favors and from any interference except such as is necessary to the maintenance of equal opportunity for all under equal laws,—these doctrines, adapted to present conditions, are in harmony in each case with the fundamental teachings of the fathers of Democracy; they are in harmony with the interests of the South; and, what is more, they are in harmony with the true interests of the nation, and the continuance of its progress in the paths marked out by the founders of the Republic and the framers of the Constitution.

THOMAS F. RYAN.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—III.

BY MARK TWAIN.

IV.—LATER.

FOUR years ago (1898-9) I wrote the preceding chapters. I was assured by the wise that Christian Science was a fleeting craze and would soon perish. This prompt and all-competent stripe of prophet is always to be had in the market at ground-floor rates. He does not stop to load, or consider, or take aim, but lets fly just as he stands. Facts are nothing to him, he has no use for such things; he works wholly by inspiration. And so, when he is asked why he considers a new movement a passing fad and quickly perishable, he finds himself unprepared with a reason and is more or less embarrassed. For a moment. Only for a moment. Then he waylays the first spectre of a reason that goes flitting through the desert places of his mind, and is at once serene again and ready for conflict. Serene and confident. Yet he should not be so, since he has had no chance to examine his catch, and cannot know whether it is going to help his contention or damage it.

The impromptu reason furnished by the early prophets of whom I have spoken was this:

“There is nothing *to* Christian Science; there is nothing about it that appeals to the intellect; its market will be restricted to the unintelligent, the mentally inferior, the people who do not think.”

They called that a reason why the cult would not flourish and endure. It seems the equivalent of saying:

“There is no money in tinware; there is nothing about it that appeals to the rich; its market will be restricted to the poor.”

It is like bringing forward the best reason in the world why Christian Science should flourish and live, and then blandly offering it as a reason why it should sicken and die.

That reason was furnished me by the complacent and unfright-

ened prophets four years ago, and it has been furnished me again to-day. If conversions to new religions or to old ones were in any considerable degree achieved through the intellect, the aforesaid reason would be sound and sufficient, no doubt; the inquirer into Christian Science might go away unconvinced and unconverted. But we all know that conversions are seldom made in that way; that such a thing as a serious and painstaking and fairly competent inquiry into the claims of a religion or of a political dogma is a rare occurrence; and that the vast mass of men and women are far from being capable of making such an examination. They are not capable, for the reason that their minds, howsoever good they may be, are not trained for such examinations. The mind not trained for that work is no more competent to do it than are lawyers and farmers competent to make successful clothes without learning the tailor's trade. There are 75,000,000 men and women among us who do not know how to cut out and make a dress-suit, and they would not think of trying; yet they all think they can competently think out a political or religious scheme without any apprenticeship to the business, and many of them believe they have actually worked that miracle. But indeed the truth is, almost all the men and women of our nation or of any other get their religion and their politics where they get their astronomy—entirely at second hand. Being untrained, they are no more able to intelligently examine a dogma or a policy than they are to calculate an eclipse.

Men are usually competent thinkers along the lines of their specialized training only. Within these limits alone are their opinions and judgments valuable; outside of these limits they grope and are lost—usually without knowing it. In a church assemblage of five hundred persons, there will be a man or two whose trained minds can seize upon each detail of a great manufacturing scheme and recognize its value or its lack of value promptly; and can pass the details in intelligent review, section by section, and finally as a whole, and then deliver a verdict upon the scheme which cannot be flippantly set aside nor easily answered. And there will be one or two other men there who can do the same thing with a great and complicated educational project; and one or two others who can do the like with a large scheme for applying electricity in a new and unheard-of way; and one or two others who can do it with a showy scheme for revolutionizing

the scientific world's accepted notions regarding geology. And so on, and so on. But the manufacturing experts will not be competent to examine the educational scheme intelligently, and their opinion about it would not be valuable; neither of these two groups will be able to understand and pass upon the electrical scheme; none of these three batches of experts will be able to understand and pass upon the geological revolution; and probably not one man in the entire lot will be competent to examine, capably, the intricacies of a political or religious scheme, new or old, and deliver a judgment upon it which any one need regard as precious.

There you have the top crust. There will be four hundred and seventy-five men and women present who can draw upon their training and deliver incontrovertible judgments concerning cheese, and leather, and cattle, and hardware, and soap, and tar, and candles, and patent medicines, and dreams, and apparitions, and garden truck, and cats, and baby food, and warts, and hymns, and time-tables, and freight-rates, and summer resorts, and whiskey, and law, and surgery, and dentistry, and blacksmithing, and shoemaking, and dancing, and Huyler's candy, and mathematics, and dog fights, and obstetrics, and music, and sausages, and dry goods, and molasses, and railroad stocks, and horses, and literature, and labor unions, and vegetables, and morals, and lamb's fries, and etiquette, and agriculture. And not ten among the four hundred—let their minds be ever so good and bright—will be competent, by grace of the requisite specialized mental training, to take hold of a complex abstraction of any kind and make head or tail of it.

The whole five hundred are thinkers, and they are all capable thinkers—but only within the narrow limits of their specialized trainings. Four hundred and ninety of them cannot competently examine either a religious plan or a political one. A scattering few of them do examine both—that is, they think they do. With results as precious as when I examine the nebular theory and explain it to myself.

If the four hundred and ninety got their religion through their minds, and by weighed and measured detail, Christian Science would not be a scary apparition. But they don't; they get a little of it through their minds, more of it through their feelings, and the overwhelming bulk of it through their environment.

Environment is the chief thing to be considered when one is proposing to predict the future of Christian Science. It is not the ability to reason that makes the Presbyterian, or the Baptist, or the Methodist, or the Catholic, or the Mohammedan, or the Buddhist, or the Mormon; it is *environment*. If religions were got by reasoning, we should have the extraordinary spectacle of an American family with a Presbyterian in it, and a Baptist, a Methodist, a Catholic, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, and a Mormon. A Presbyterian family does not produce Catholic families or other religious brands, it produces its own kind; and not by intellectual processes, but by association. And so also with Mohammedanism, the cult which in our day is spreading with the sweep of a world-conflagration through the Orient, that native home of profound thought and of subtle intellectual fence, that fertile womb whence has sprung every great religion that exists. Including our own; for with all our brains we cannot invent a religion and market it.

The language of my quoted prophets recurs to us now, and we wonder to think how small a space in the world the mighty Mohammedan Church would be occupying now, if a successful trade in its line of goods had been conditioned upon an exhibit that would "appeal to the intellect" instead of to "the unintelligent, the mentally inferior, the people who do not think."

The Christian Science Church, like the Mohammedan Church, makes no embarrassing appeal to the intellect, has no occasion to do it, and can get along quite well without it.

Provided. Provided what? That it can secure that thing which is worth two or three hundred thousand times more than an "appeal to the intellect"—an *environment*. Can it get that? Will it be a menace to regular Christianity if it gets that? Is it time for regular Christianity to get alarmed? Or shall regular Christianity smile a smile and turn over and take another nap? Won't it be wise and proper for regular Christianity to do the old way, the customary way, the historical way—lock the stable door after the horse is gone? Just as Protestantism has smiled and nodded this long time (while the alert and diligent Catholic was slipping in and capturing the public schools), and is now beginning to hunt around for the key when it is too late?

Will Christian Science get a chance to show its wares? It has

already secured that chance. Will it flourish and spread and prosper if it shall create for itself the one thing essential to those conditions—an environment? It has *already* created an environment. There are families of Christian Scientists in every community in America, and each family is a factory; each family turns out a Christian Science product at the customary intervals, and contributes it to the Cause in the only way in which contributors to Churches are ever made on a large scale—by the puissant forces of personal contact and association. Each family is an agency for the Cause, and makes converts among the neighbors, and starts some more factories.

Four years ago there were six Christian Scientists in a certain town that I am acquainted with; a year ago there were 250 there; they have built a church, and its membership numbers 400 now. This has all been quietly done; done without frenzied revivals, without uniforms, brass bands, street parades, corner oratory, or any of the other customary persuasions to a godly life. Christian Science, like Mohammedanism, is “restricted” to the “unintelligent, the people who do not think.” There lies the danger. It makes Christian Science formidable. It is “restricted” to four hundred and ninety-five hundredths of the human race, and must be reckoned with by regular Christianity. And will be, as soon as it is too late.

V.—(LATER STILL.)—A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.*

Passages from the Introduction to the “Secret History of Eddypus, the World-Empire”:

The First Part of this Introduction—which deals with Book I. of my narrative—being now concluded, and the outlines of that portion of the ancient world’s history which preceded the rise of what was in time to be the sole Political and Religious Power in the earth—Christian Science—being clearly defined in the reader’s mind, as I trust, I now arrive at the Second Part of my Introduction, which will tersely synopsise Book II. of my History.

Accuracy is not claimed for Book I., as the reader will see when he comes to examine it. One of the first acts of the Christian Science (or Divine Science) Popes when they had attained to supreme power in the globe, was the destruction of all secular libraries, the suppression of all secular seats of learning, and the

* Written A.D. 2902.

prohibition of all literature not issued by the papal press at Eddy-flats (called by another name previously). This extinction of light was begun nearly nine hundred years ago, at the time that the Roman Catholic Church gave up the struggle and ceased to exist as an independent body, turning over what was left of its assets to the Christian Science Church on exceedingly good terms, and merging itself in that giant Trust, about the beginning of the reign of Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy IV.—“Viceroy of God”—as the official formula of that remote age words it, a formula still used in our own day under Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy LXIX. Within a century after the beginning of this extinction of light, all the ancient history-books had disappeared from the world. Within two centuries more, the tale of the ancient world had ceased to be history, properly speaking, and had become legend. And mainly fantastic legend, too, as the reader will admit when he comes to study it.

But my Book II. deals not with legend, but with fact. Its materials are drawn from the great find of seven years ago, the inestimable Book which Mark Twain, the Father of History, wrote and sealed up in a special vault in an important city of his day, whose ruins were discovered under mounds in the desert wastes a hundred and fifty years ago, and in recent years have been clandestinely explored by one whose name I must not reveal, lest the Church learn it and bring the traitor to the rack and the stake.

This noble book was written during the time of the Rise of Christian Science, and is the only authentic one in existence which treats of that extraordinary period, the Church histories being—what we know them to be, but do not speak it out except when we are writing as I am now, secretly and in the fear of consequences. The translation of the Book’s quaint and mouldy English into the Language Universal, the English of our day, has been a slow and most difficult work—and withal dangerous; but it has been accomplished. The best reward of our handful of brave scholars is not publicity of their names!

What we know of the Father of History is gathered from modest chance admissions of his own, and will be found in the proper places in my succeeding volumes. We know that he was a statesman and moralist of world-wide authority, and a historian whose works were studied and revered by all the nations and colleges in

his day. He has tacitly conceded this in chapter 4 of volume IX. of his immortal Book. It is apparent that he had defects. This we learn by his attempts to conceal them. He often quotes things that have been said about him; and not always with good discretion, since they "give him away"—a curious phrase which he uses so frequently that we must suppose it was a common one in his time. In one place he quotes—with an evident pang, though he thinks he conceals the hurt—this remark from a book, by an unknown author, entitled the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*: "He possesses every fine and great mental quality except the sense of humor." Nine-tenths of this verdict is nobly complimentary; yet, instead of being satisfied with it and grateful for it, he devotes more than five pages to trying to prove that he *has* the sense of humor. And fails—though he is densely unaware of it. There is something pathetic about this. He has several other defects; the reader will find them noted in their proper places.

His Book is inestimably valuable, because of its transparent truthfulness, and because it covers the whole of that stupendous period, the birth and rise of Christian Science. He was born fifteen years after Our Mother, in the autumn of the year 15 of our era, which corresponds to the year 1835 of the so-called Christian Era, and was educated in five foreign and domestic Universities. He lived throughout Our Mother's earthly sojourn, and several years after her Translation in the Automobile of Fire. From him we learn that he was 246 years old when he finished his Book and buried it, but the date of his death is shrouded in obscurity.

Briefly, then, let us outline the contents of my Book II.

In A.M. (year of Our Mother) 55, (A.D. 1875), Our Mother's Revelation was published. It bore the title "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," and in the early days it was read by her disciples in connection with a volume, now long ago obsolete and forgotten, called the Old and New Testaments, as a translation of the meanings of that volume. A generation or two after her Ascension, she re-wrote "Science and Health," and discarded its previous contents, and also its title. She sent this perfected work down from on high by Revelation. From that day to ours, her book has borne the simple title, "The Holy Bible, by Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy I." By command,

left in her Will, the term "Christian Science" was changed to "Divine Science" as soon as her Church's universal dominion in the earth was secure. This happened at the time of the merger, when Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy IV. ascended the throne. He was the first male Pope. By the terms of the Will, all Popes must officially bear Our Mother's name and be called "She," regardless of sex. Almost as a rule, our Popes have been males since the earliest days.

The world's events are not ordered by gods nor by men, but solely by Circumstance—accidental, unplanned, and unforeseen. One circumstance creates another, that one a third, and so on: just as a seed, falling in a barren place, creates a plant, the plant creates a forest, the forest condenses the humidity of the atmosphere and creates streams, the streams make the region fruitful, this invites men, a community results, a nation grows from it, a civilization develops, and with it its sure and inevitable crop of ambitions, jealousies, quarrels, wars, and squabbling little religions: the ages go on and on and on, and from century to century histories are written, wherein it is told how this and that and the other vast event was the work of such-and-such a king, or such-and-such a statesman, and not a word about *Accidental and Inevitable Circumstance*, which alone did those things, and would have done them anyhow, whether those kings and statesmen had existed or not. Meantime, that small seed which fell in the desert in the beginning has been long ago forgotten, and no man takes it into account; yet it was the Circumstance which produced all the other Circumstances, without knowing it or intending it; and without it the desert had remained a desert and there had been no nation, no kings, and no history.

Out of a Circumstance of a million years ago grew the world's entire history—every minute detail of it; and there was never at any time a possibility of changing or preventing any Circumstance in the whole crop, nor of postponing it a fraction of a second, nor of hastening it a fraction of a second by the ingenuity of any man or body of men. That pregnant Circumstance was the very first act or motion of the very first microscopic living germ that Nature produced. From that wee Circumstance proceeded all history of the past, and from it will proceed all happenings of the future, to the end of time.

Nothing could have prevented it, a million years ago, from pro-

ducing, in its due and far distant season, the discovery of America, the colonization of it, the Rebellion against the crown, the creation of the Republic, the birth and flowering of its sordid and mighty civilization, the advent of the unfruitful Quimby, the fertilizing of his world-old and bald-headed idea by Our Mother, the degrading of that wholesome idea into a fantastic religion, the unforeseen and unexpected expansion of that religion by the accident of Circumstances which no man could control nor direct nor delay, the growth abreast of it of the giant forces of Labor and Capital, their destruction of the Republic, the erection of the Absolute Monarchy, the swallowing up of the civil Monarchy in the colossal religious Autocracy of the World-Empire of Eddypus, the exalting of the Founder of Divine Science to the Second Place in the Holy Family, the extinction of the world's civilizations, and the closing down of the Black Night through whose sombre and melancholy shadows the human race has now been groping, hopeless and forlorn, these eight hundred years.

About the year 1870 of the so-called Christian era (A.M. 50), ingenious men massed together a multitude of small and unprofitable oil-industries under the control of a restricted body of able managers—and that was the first Trust. Circumstances had compelled this. These Circumstances were railways and telegraphs. Businesses which had been wide apart before could live upon their local markets; but the new Circumstances compelled them to send their products from their widely separated sources to the great centres of commerce, and meet the resulting competition with a new device—concentration of the streams, and control of them. Thus, Circumstances created the first Trust and furnished the Opportunity.

The first Trust created the second, the second the third, and so on. In the course of a generation they created hundreds. Little by little, steadily and inevitably, the movement grew. It forced each industry to band its capital and its companies together, whether it wanted to or not; for Circumstances are arbitrary and are not affected by any man's opinions or principles or desires.

Meantime, Circumstances had been doing some other notable work. For many, many ages, in the world, the masters of each old-time industry had formed themselves into close corporations—guilds—for their protection: to control trade and regulate competition. But each guild concerned itself with its own interest-

only; the ironmongers did not combine with the silk mercers nor with the furriers (skinners), nor did any two or more unrelated industries pool their affairs and thus secure each other's protection. Also, for ages, the wage-earning servants of each guild had compacted themselves into close unions, for protection against intruding and alien practisers of their trades, and to limit the number of apprentices, prevent the making of too many journeymen, and keep up the wages. But the subordinates of no two or more, or of all the trades, thought of banding together and commanding the situation. This formidable idea was not born until the world was old and gray.

Circumstances gave it birth. A Circumstance—what it was is centuries ago forgotten—compelled a pair of unrelated unions to join together; this bred another and another combination; the movement grew and spread, according to the law of Circumstance, and by ten or fifteen years after the formation of the Oil Trust, the Knights of Labor were in business. It was smiled at by the wise and the sarcastic, but the smile was premature. It had its ups and downs, but it grew in strength, nevertheless, and prospered. In time it discarded its fantastic title and adopted a sober and dignified one.

It was itself a Trust, of course, and by the end of its birth-century was become the mightiest and the most merciless and remorseless of all; yet, with the dearest and sweetest and most engaging dulness and innocence, it preached a lofty and immaculate holy war against all other Trusts!

It marched side by side with the commercial Trusts for a good while; then it marched ahead of them. It was the first Trust that bound all its vast machinery, all its multitudinous unrelated parts, in one bond of iron—accomplishing this extraordinary thing years before Circumstances did the same with the nation's commercial Trusts.

Side by side with the Labor Trust and the Commercial Trusts was moving the Christian Science Trust—quite unheeded, except to be despised by the wise and smiled at by the sarcastic. Prematurely. All attention was upon the other two—those busy servants that were opening and smoothing the road for their and the world's future master without suspecting it.

The years drifted on. Labor whipped Capital, Capital whipped Labor—turn about. All the railways, ships, telegraphs, tele-

phones, manufactures, newspapers—all the industries of the nation, in a word—became combined in one prodigious Trust, and in its home office its Board directed all the affairs of the country.

Its chairman uttered his command, and next day every newspaper in the land spoke his views with one voice; he touched a button and delivered his orders, and the Conventions nominated his candidate for President, and on election day the people elected that candidate; he dictated the President's policy and was obeyed; he dictated the laws, and the Congress passed them; he officered the army and the navy, to suit the Board; he made war when he pleased and peace when he chose.

In its regular and recurrent turn, the Labor Trust swept him and his Board away, and took over the government and continued it on the same lordly plan until Capital got the upper hand once more.

In the course of one of its innings, Capital abolished the spectre Republic and erected a hereditary Monarchy on its ruins, with dukes and earls and the other ornaments; and, later, Labor rose and seized the whole outfit, and turned out the Billionaire Royal Family and set up a Walking Delegate and his household in their place.

Meantime the Science was growing, relentlessly growing, ceaselessly growing. When it numbered 10,000,000, its presence began to be privately felt; when it numbered 30,000,000, its presence began to be publicly felt; when it numbered 50,000,000, it began to take a hand—quietly; when it numbered half the country's population, it lifted up its chin and began to dictate.

It was time for the intellect of the land to realize where power and profit were to be had, and it went over to the Science, solid—just as had happened in all times with all successful vast movements of all kinds.

The game was made. Four-fifths of the nation skurried to the Church, the rest were *lashed* into it. The Church was master, supreme and undisputed; all other powers were dead and buried; the Empire was an established perpetuity; its authority spread to the ends of the earth; its revenues were estimable in astronomical terms only, they went to but one place in the earth—the Treasury at Eddyflats, called “Boston” in ancient times; the Church's dominion covered every land and sea, and made all previous con-

centrations of Imperial force and wealth seem nursery trifles by contrast.

Then the Black Night shut down, never again to lift!

Thus stand briefly outlined the contents of Book II. In that Book I have set down the details.

The reader must not seek to know the author's name. Lest the Church learn it also!

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET HISTORY OF EDDYPUS."

[To be Concluded in April Number.]

THE MONROE DOCTRINE—ITS ORIGIN AND IMPORT.

BY WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO
VENEZUELA AND TO COLOMBIA.

I.

IN December, 1823, when President Monroe promulgated the great American doctrine of non-intervention which bears his name, we were hardly as yet a nation. Forty-seven years had elapsed since our Declaration of Independence, and even if we concede the contention of the mother country and date our birth from the Treaty of Peace of 1782, we had been autonomous communities nearly forty years. But, as our Federal Constitution was then generally interpreted, we were not, strictly speaking, a nation. A nation, in the strict legal sense of that term, cannot be said to exist without individual citizens or subjects who owe it direct and paramount allegiance; and at that time the United States as a national entity had neither citizens nor subjects. The theory of our Constitution was, that a person could be a citizen of the United States only as he was such incidentally by reason of his being a citizen of some one of the constituent commonwealths or "States" of the Union. And the necessary conclusion from such a premise was, that his paramount allegiance was due to the State, and not to the Federal Government. In other words, to adopt the language of that school of politics whereof Mr. Monroe himself was understood to be an adherent, we were but a league or confederation of "sovereign and independent States," any one of which, "for reasons satisfactory to itself," might legally withdraw from the Federal compact.

We had, indeed, become accustomed to the phrases "American citizen" and "citizen of the United States." These were quite common in our political and judicial nomenclature. But

they had no very definite meaning. There had never been an attempt at a constitutional definition of either; and our statutes and judicial decisions were searched in vain for some authentic statement of their meaning. The complex term "citizen of the United States" was as little understood, and as much open to speculative criticism, as it had been at the foundation of government. It was not till forty-five years after the Monroe declaration that the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment established a citizenship of the United States wholly independent of State lines, and thus, for the first time, made us a nation in fact as well as in name.

I refer to this anomaly in our constitutional and political history only for the purpose of showing that what we call the "Monroe Doctrine" had attained to its full maturity far in advance of our national sentiment. Nor was Mr. Monroe its founder; he was not even the first to proclaim it. From the very beginning of our career as autonomous communities, there had been a settled conviction in the public mind that it would be impolitic and dangerous for us to meddle in European political broils; and the opinion was even more general that it would seriously menace our peace and safety for European nations to obtain any new foot-hold, or to extend in any manner the sphere of their political influence on this hemisphere.

But, whilst this sentiment was deep-seated and practically unanimous, it did not find formal official utterance until twenty years after our Declaration of Independence, and a little over twenty-seven before the Monroe declaration. I allude, of course, to President Washington's Farewell Address of September, 1796, wherein he recommended "the extension of our commercial relations to European countries," but coupled with the solemn warning to "have as little political connection with them as possible." In so far as we had already formed engagements with them, "our obligations should be fulfilled with perfect good faith;" but there we should "stop." The reasons which he assigned for this were, that "European nations have a set of primary interests which have no relation to us as a free people;" that "the causes of their frequent quarrels are essentially foreign to our concerns;" and that we should, therefore, "hold ourselves aloof," and avoid complicating ourselves, "by artificial ties," in the vicissitudes of their politics. "Our detached and distant situation "

would, he thought, "enable us to do this;" our attitude of "strict neutrality" would soon come to be respected; belligerent nations, "realizing the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us," would "not lightly hazard giving us provocation;" and we should thus be "free to choose peace or war as our own interests, guided by justice, might direct or counsel."

The Monroe declaration of December, 1823, was but the logical outcome of this warning, and, like it, needed but the occasion to bring it forth. It was not, however, the first official reiteration of the principles involved in Washington's warning; in point of fact, it was the third in chronological order. There had been an animated controversy between England, Russia and the United States involving title to what was then known as the "Northwest Territory," comprehending large portions of what are now Oregon and Alaska. During that controversy, the fact was disclosed that both England and Russia considered certain alleged "unoccupied" portions of North and South America as *res nullius*, or "vacant lands" open to colonization. This raised an issue of law and fact which was promptly met by the Monroe administration. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, under date of July 2nd, 1823, addressed an official letter to Benjamin Rush, our Minister at London, wherein, speaking of the Latin-American republics, he said:

"Those independent nations will possess all the rights incident to that condition, and their territories will, of course, be subject to no exclusive right of navigation in their vicinity, or access to them by any foreign nation. A necessary consequence of this will be that the American continents henceforth will no longer be subject to colonization. Occupied by civilized nations, they will be accessible to Europeans on that footing alone."*

This letter, written presumably by direction of the President, was something more than an ordinary "instruction" to the Minister for his own personal information and guidance. It was intended as a formal notice to the British Government, directed through the regular diplomatic channel, that thenceforth the American continents were to be considered closed to European colonization; that there were no more unoccupied or "vacant lands" over which European Powers might contend for pos-

* Adams's Diary, VI., 163; Arch. State Department: Whart. Dig., Sec. 57.

session; and there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Canning, the British Premier, to whom its contents were made known, so understood it.

Fifteen days later—that is to say, on the 17th of the same month—Mr. Adams orally repeated the substance of the same statement to Baron Tüyl, the Russian Minister at Washington; and, in the course of the interview, he took occasion to add that the United States would “contest Russia’s right to any new territorial establishment” on this continent, and “would assume distinctly the principle that the American continents were no longer subjects for any new colonial establishments.”*

II.

It has been said, and repeated often enough to gain some degree of credence, that the Monroe Doctrine had an European origin. The claim is that the British Premier, Mr. Canning, suggested it to Mr. Rush during their personal conference in September, 1823, relative to the hostile designs of the so-called “Holy Alliance” upon the newly enfranchised Spanish-American republics. The absurdity of this claim seems to me too manifest to merit serious consideration. In the first place, the Canning-Rush conference did not take place until two months after the date of Mr. Adams’s note to Mr. Rush, in which, as we have seen, the Doctrine was clearly outlined. It did not take place until a month and a half after Mr. Adams’s interview with the Russian Minister, in which he re-asserted and emphasized the same principle. Hence the impossibility that the first suggestion of it could have come from Mr. Canning at the time and place indicated; and it has never been intimated, much less asserted, that it came from him at any time prior to the date of his “private and confidential” note of August 20th, addressed to Mr. Rush. Nor did that note embody any one of the three propositions which constitute what afterwards became known as the Monroe Doctrine.† In the second place, we have Mr. Canning’s own words in refutation of the claim, which, in the absence of rebutting evidence, ought to be conclusive. In a letter addressed to the British Minister at Madrid, dated December 21st, 1823, he said:

* Adams’s Diary.

† See the document itself, as printed for the first time in Mr. W. C. Ford’s “John Quincy Adams and the Monroe Doctrine,” p. 47.

"Monarchy in Mexico and Brazil would cure the evils of universal democracy, and prevent the drawing of a demarcation which I most dread, namely, *America versus Europe*."

And further on in the same letter, speaking of his conference with Mr. Rush, he says:

"While I was yet hesitating, in September last, what shape to give the proposed declaration and protest" (against the designs of the Holy Alliance) "I *sounded* Mr. Rush, the American Minister here, as to his powers and disposition to join in any step which we might take to prevent a hostile enterprise by European Powers against Spanish America. He had no powers; but he would have taken upon himself to join us if we would have begun by recognizing the independence of the Spanish-American States. This we could not do, and so we went on without. But I have no doubt that his report to his Government of this *sounding*, which he probably represented as an overture, had something to do in hastening the explicit declaration of the President."*

This letter, it will be observed, was written nineteen days after the date of Mr. Monroe's message to Congress, and related to an event that had occurred three months before. At that time, there was no steamship nor telegraphic communication between the capitals of the two countries, and it usually took about three weeks for mail matter to pass from one to the other. Moreover, the marine mails were infrequent and irregular. Whilst, therefore, it is barely possible that a copy of the Message may have reached London as early as December 21st, (the date of Mr. Canning's letter), the greater probability is that it had not, and that Mr. Canning's allusion to "the explicit declaration of the President" related to the Adams note of July 2nd, (which, as he assumed, had been written by direction of the President), and not to the Message itself. This, however, is not material. The essential point is, that Mr. Canning placed himself on record as opposed to the doctrine enunciated in both the message and the note, and hence could not have inspired either.

Mr. Rush's report of the conference substantially corroborates Mr. Canning's statement, except that what the latter called a mere "*sounding*," Mr. Rush represented as a distinct "*proposal*." The "*proposal*" was that England and the United States should publish to the world "*a joint declaration*" against the designs of the Allied Powers with respect to Spanish Amer-

* Stapleton's "Canning and his Times," 395; Wharton's Dig., Sec. 57.

ica; setting forth that, while the two governments did not desire any portion of those colonies for themselves, they "would not view with indifference any foreign intervention in the affairs of those colonies or their attempted acquisition by any third Power." As an inducement to Mr. Rush to join in the proposed declaration, Mr. Canning stated, according to Mr. Rush's report, that there was going to be "a call for a general European Congress for the consideration of the Spanish-American question," but that "England would take no part therein unless the United States should be represented." To which Mr. Rush says he replied that "the traditional policy of the United States was opposed to any participation in the political affairs of Europe;" but that, with respect to the proposed joint declaration, he would, on his own responsibility, "agree to it if England would first acknowledge the independence of the Spanish-American republics." This Mr. Canning declined to do, and so there was no joint declaration.*

From this time forth, Mr. Canning seems to have lost interest in the subject, so far, at least, as the United States was concerned. He may have subsequently "sounded" the French Minister on the subject with better prospects of success, as Mr. Rush appears to have suspected; but, in any case, it is manifest that his real object in approaching Mr. Rush was to obtain from the United States some public pledge, ostensibly against the designs of the Holy Alliance, but really and specifically against the acquisition by our government itself of any portion of Spanish America. By joining in the proposed declaration, we would have given England a substantial and perhaps inconvenient pledge against ourselves, without obtaining anything in return. Hence the independent declaration of a distinctly American policy, as advocated by Mr. Adams.†

Thus disappears the historical fiction that Mr. Canning "inspired," if he did not originate, the Monroe Doctrine. So far from that, he distinctly disapproved of it, except in so far as it related specifically to the designs of the Holy Alliance. He was ready to take steps to prevent the Allied Powers from interfering on behalf of Spain in her contest with her revolted American colonies; and he was equally anxious to prevent the partitioning

* MSS. Cor. State Department.

† See Adams's Memoirs, VI., pp. 177, 178.

of those colonies among those Powers. But he was not willing to go the length of recognizing the independence of the new republics; nor was he willing to concede the main point in Mr. Adams's note—namely, that the American continents were thenceforth to be considered closed to European colonization. On the contrary, he held distinctly, as his biographer tells us, that "the United States had no right to take umbrage at the establishment of new colonies from Europe on any unoccupied parts of the American continent."*

It was only when the political sky had been cleared by the bold stand taken by the United States, and when, as a consequence, the "Holy Alliance" had been practically dissolved, that England recognized the independence of the Spanish-American colonies, and hailed the policy of the United States as "a happy solution of the South-American question."† This, of course, was tantamount to an endorsement of the Monroe Doctrine; but to say that the Doctrine originated with the British Premier, or that he was the moving force behind it, or even that he "played an important part in its promulgation," is to ignore the facts of history.

The "Holy Alliance," (or the Allied Powers, as Mr. Canning called them), was, as every one knows, the celebrated League between Austria, Russia and Prussia, formed at Paris in September, 1815, soon after the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte, which at one time received the moral support of nearly every European Power, including both England and France. England, however, had begun to regard it with disfavor, even prior to the first disclosure of its real purpose. Its professed object was the "regulation of the relations between Christian countries by the principles of Christian charity;" but its real purpose, as partially disclosed as early as 1821, and as made manifest at the Verona Conference of 1822, was the conservation of existing European dynasties, the reconquest of the Spanish-American states, and the extension of the power and influence of the Allies into the Western hemisphere. The United States had recognized the independence of those republics as early as March, 1822; and one of the immediate results of that action was the breaking down of

* Stapleton's Canning, pp. 195, 196.

† Br. Parl. Papers, Speeches of Lord Brougham and Sir James McIntosh.

old Spanish trade restrictions in South America and the opening of those countries to the world's commerce. England, ever ready to seize upon such opportunities for extending her commercial power and influence, had already established a profitable trade there; hence, while for political reasons she had refused to recognize the independence of the new republics, she had for commercial reasons opposed the ultimate designs of the Holy Alliance.

III.

It was under these circumstances that President Monroe and his Cabinet were considering the expediency of some more advanced step than had been hitherto taken diplomatically. The President was about to throw down the gauntlet, and to appeal to Congress and to the moral sense of the world. But he was pre-eminently a cautious and conservative man, and, before taking final action, he solicited the written opinions of ex-Presidents Madison and Jefferson in regard to it. Mr. Madison replied that "the circumstances and our relations to the new republics" were "such as to call for our efforts to defeat the meditated crusade." Mr. Jefferson, whose opinions had undergone a healthful change since the collapse of the French Revolution, was even more explicit. "Our first and fundamental maxim," he wrote, "should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs." Then, following still more closely the words in Washington's Farewell Address, he added: "America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from Europe."

The famous Message to Congress, of December 2nd, 1823, was the result of this deliberation. It is not probable that the original draft of that document is now in existence. If it were, and could be brought into evidence, it might possibly justify the claim, so often put forth, that Mr. Adams was its real author. But the fact would still remain that it was the President himself, and not his Secretary of State, who announced its principles to the world. It was he who stood responsible for it. It was his official sanction which gave authority to its phrases, no matter by whom it may have been written, and which lifted it above the plane of personal opinions.

After briefly alluding to the Northwest Boundary dispute, then in process of settlement, the Message proclaimed that the occasion had been "judged proper for asserting a principle in which the rights of the United States are involved—namely, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European Powers."

This was but a repetition of what had been announced diplomatically six months before, to both England and Russia. But the Message adds:

"In the wars of European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately concerned, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. The difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments."

Here, again, in the last paragraph, we have an almost verbal repetition of Washington's warning. Then follows this paragraph:

"We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Next, we have the pledge of non-intervention in the affairs of pre-established colonies, as follows:

"With existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere; but with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. . . . It is impossible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our Southern brethren if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition, in any form, with indifference."

Again, one year later, in his annual Message of December 1st, 1824, referring to South-American affairs, he said:

"Separated as we are from Europe by the great Atlantic Ocean, we can have no concern in the wars of European Governments, nor in the causes which produce them."

The Message proceeds:

"It is the interest of the United States to preserve the most friendly relations with every Power, and on conditions fair, equal, and applicable to all. But in regard to our neighbors, our situation is different. It is impossible for European Governments to interfere in their concerns without affecting us; indeed, the motive which might induce such interference in the present state of war between the parties, (if war it may be called), would appear to be equally applicable to us."

Such, in brief, was the origin of the "Monroe Doctrine." There is no room for doubt as to its genesis or its meaning. Like the principle of "Free ships, free goods," now an acknowledged part of modern international law, it had purely an American origin; and its scope and meaning may be conveniently stated in three short sentences, viz:

1. No participation by the United States in the political broils of Europe; no interposition by Europe in the political affairs of the American republics.
2. No more European colonies on the American continents; those already established not to be interfered with.
3. No extension of European political systems on this hemisphere; no territorial expansion of existing European colonies thereon.

That is essentially all there is of it. It needs no construction. It never contemplated interference, in any manner, with vested European rights on these continents. It never contemplated intervention by the United States to prevent European governments from enforcing legitimate international obligations against the American republics, for international responsibility is the necessary concomitant of national sovereignty; but, in enforcing such obligations, European powers are prohibited from seizing and permanently holding American territory in satisfaction for debt, or as indemnity for torts. It has never embarrassed European governments in the free and legitimate administration of their affairs in pre-established American colonies; but it has been more than once successfully invoked and applied to prevent any

expansion of those colonies. It has steadily kept us aloof from all "entangling alliances," expressed or implied, with European Powers in their ambitious schemes of conquest; but it has never embarrassed us in any legitimate effort to extend our commercial relations to any part of the world. In this sense, and in this sense alone, it has always responded to intelligent public sentiment in this country, and has had the support of all political parties.

IV.

It has been said that the Monroe Doctrine, even as thus limited and understood, has never received the assent of Europe, nor even the sanction of our own Congress; consequently, that it has no legal validity. It seems to me that such an assumption, totally unsupported as it is by either fact or law, scarcely needs refutation. Even if the facts were as alleged, they would not warrant the conclusion drawn from them. But since the facts are not as alleged, the conclusion is doubly erroneous.

As a matter of fact, there has never been a formal protest against the Monroe Doctrine by any European Power. On the contrary, all have passively acquiesced in it for nearly a whole century, and passive acquiescence is tantamount to assent. And, whilst our national legislature has never specifically, and in so many words, reaffirmed it, that body has many times either taken its validity for granted or constructively affirmed it. Every resolution or other measure bearing upon it that has ever been introduced into either House of Congress, has been in support of it; never has there been one against it. That of 1824, by Mr. Clay, was never called up, because, under the change of circumstances which soon followed, the measure was deemed superfluous. That of 1864, which passed both Houses without a dissenting vote, took the validity of the Monroe Doctrine for granted, and resulted, as everybody knows, in the almost immediate evacuation of Mexico by the French. That of 1879 was never reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs—possibly because the occasion for it had already passed. That of 1880 was unanimously sustained by the Foreign Affairs Committee, but the session closed before it could be acted upon. That of 1895-6, in relation to the Anglo-Venezuelan question, passed both Houses without a dissenting voice, and led to the settlement of the dispute by arbitration.

The Resolution of 1826, relative to the proposed Panama Congress, constitutes no exception. In the first place, it was not germane to the case at all. Its passage turned upon totally different issues, as is manifest from the very words of the Resolution itself. It merely expressed the opinion that the United States ought not, under the then existing circumstances, to be represented in that particular conference "except in a purely diplomatic character;" that we ought not, at that particular time, to form "any alliance with all or any of the Spanish-American states," but be left free to act, in any crisis that might arise, in "such manner as our feelings of friendship towards our sister republics and our own honor and traditional policy may at the time dictate." In the next place, viewed at this distance of time, it is easy to see just why that Congress failed. Not the Monroe Doctrine, but Negro Slavery was the rock on which it was wrecked. One of the questions proposed for discussion by the Congress was "the consideration of means to be adopted for the entire abolition of the African slave trade." Cuba and Porto Rico, then slave-holding provinces of Spain, were certain to be made subjects of discussion; Hayti, already a Negro republic, would be represented; and there were then over four millions of negro slaves in the United States, right of property in which was guaranteed by our fundamental law. Here, then, was an awkward dilemma to be avoided; and in avoiding it—in yielding to the necessity of preserving a class of vested interests in our slave-holding States—we lost the opportunity of giving permanent direction to the political and commercial connections of the newly enfranchised South-American republics, and the bulk of their trade passed into other hands. But the principles of the Monroe Doctrine were not, in any manner, abridged or modified thereby.

Again, it has been said that the so-called "Clayton-Bulwer Treaty," of 1850, was a material modification, if not a virtual abandonment, of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. That that compact was a monumental diplomatic blunder, cannot be denied. Even British statesmen could not conceal their amazement at our short-sightedness in entering into such a one-sided agreement. It kept us on the stool of repentance for nearly half a century. But there were no circumstances connected with its negotiation, nor anything in the Treaty itself as ratified by the Senate, to warrant an inference that it contemplated the aban-

donment, or even a modification, of the Monroe Doctrine. The primary object was to obtain from Great Britain a solemn pledge never to attempt to colonize any alleged "unoccupied" portions of Central America. The secondary object was to stimulate investment of foreign capital in a great American enterprise, at a time when capital for such purposes was difficult to obtain. The blunder consisted in overlooking a covert (and perhaps doubtful) recognition of a British colony already illegally established in Central America. But aside from this, and the incautious "agreement to agree" (in Article VIII.) relative to the control and management of some possible future isthmian canal, the Treaty could not be construed as, in any way, derogatory of the Monroe Doctrine. Moreover, the Treaty itself, as finally proclaimed, was of very doubtful legality. It lacked the Senate's concurrence in Mr. Clayton's incautious assent to certain written constructions of it by the British Government, presented for the first time at the exchange of ratifications, which materially altered its meaning as understood by the slender majority of Senators who had ratified it. It never had much real vitality, even before our Government formally denounced it in 1881; it had still less after England abandoned her pretended "Protectorate" in Nicaragua, fourteen years later; and it has now happily ceased to have even a nominal existence.

Strangely enough, the intervention by the United States in the Anglo-Venezuelan case, in 1895-6, already alluded to, has been cited as an instance in which we disregarded the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. The contention is that, since the controversy was over a disputed divisional line between a long established and duly recognized European colony and a free American state, our interests were in nowise involved; and that our interposition, contrary to the expressed wish of one of the parties to the dispute, even with the laudable purpose of bringing it to friendly arbitration, was at once a violation of our traditional policy of neutrality and of our pledge not to interfere with European colonies "already established." But this is a total misconception of the facts in the case, as well as of the real principles involved. The important feature of that controversy was, England's assertion of right to extend the area of her colony in Guiana over adjacent "unoccupied territory;" for she claimed sovereignty in virtue of alleged "British settlements" made as

late as 1881, and she furthermore claimed eminent domain, even beyond those "settlements," in virtue of alleged "treaties made with the native Indian tribes."* It needs no argument to show that both of these contentions were wholly untenable—one being a palpable violation of a well settled principle of international law, the other being in open defiance of the Monroe Doctrine. If either of them were once conceded with respect to a particular region in South America, it would have to apply to others; and, if applied to South America in general, it would have to be admitted with respect to North America as well. It was precisely this covert, but ever present, feature of the case which gave it such international importance. Hence, so far from being a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, our interposition was directly and affirmatively in support of it.

Nor was that interposition an attempt to "expand" the Monroe Doctrine, as has been thoughtlessly charged. England had seized and fortified whole districts hitherto acknowledged to be Venezuelan territory. She had done this in defiance of repeated remonstrances and formal protests; and had persistently refused to evacuate those places, or to submit her claim of title to impartial arbitration. Under such circumstances, her acquisition involved either an act of war or an act of piracy; and, in either case, it was as much a violation of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine as if those districts had been seized by British troops or covered by British guns. The situation, therefore, presented one of two alternatives—either the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, or its total abandonment.

Finally, as every one knows, or is presumed to know, the great body of what we call International Law, like that of the English common law, is made up of precedent sanctioned by usage. In its last analysis, it is, as Lord Chief-Justice Russell once aptly expressed it, "little more than crystallized public opinion." And I think it has been sufficiently shown that the principles of the Monroe Doctrine are precedents as old as our Government itself. They have been sanctified by unbroken usage, and have given direction to our foreign policy for more than a century. Every one of our Presidents, from the first to the present, who has ever had occasion to refer to it, has specifically reaffirmed it. Every one of the Latin-American republics has, at one time or another,

* Br. Blue Book, 1896, p. 295.

and in some form or other, affirmatively supported it. Not one of the European Powers has ever entered formal protest against it; on the contrary, all have acquiesced in it, and thus tacitly assented to it. It is, therefore, a valid part of the public law of this continent; and until abandoned by us, or until formally challenged by Europe, or until modified or abrogated by public treaty, it will continue to be recognized as part of the modern International code of the Christian world.

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THE ART OF THE DRAMATIST.

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I.

It is out of crude efforts, such as may still be observed among the Eskimo and the tribes of the Amazon, that the dramatic art was toilsomely developed by our own predecessors as taste refined and civilization advanced. The traditions of these rude play-makers were passed down from generation to generation, and the art slowly discovered itself. The true dramatist is like the true statesman in recognizing that nothing substantial can be made out of hand, and that nothing survives which is not a development of institutions already existing. Art must always make haste slowly; and no art ever sprang, like Minerva, full grown from the head of Jove—not even the dramatic art in the city of the violet crown, where Phidias wrought the towering statue of the wise goddess.

In these earlier attempts at the drama, there is no tincture of literature; and more often than not these primitive plays are even unwritten, being wrought out by word of mouth. Sometimes they are a combination of pantomimic action with song and dance; and sometimes the dramatic element serves solely to emphasize the important passages of a narrative chant. In the childhood of a race or of an individual, we discover that the lyric, the dramatic, and the narrative are only imperfectly differentiated from one another; and we can gain some insight into primitive conditions of the drama by going back to our own childhood, since youth is the special season of make-believe, strong as that instinct is in all the seven ages of man. The child is ever imitative and mimetic. The little girl is willing to credit her doll with feelings like her own and to hold converse with it; she is

glad to pretend that it is ill; and she is delighted to be able to change the sheets on its bed as the trained nurse changed hers when she herself lay sick. One of the most striking discoveries of modern science has made it plain that we must each of us follow the development of our ancestors, and pass through the successive stages of animal and social evolution. Much of this journey takes place before we are born, but not a little is left for the years of infancy and of youth.

It is from the observation of children and from the study of savages that the comparative anthropologist has been able to throw so much light on the earlier stages of human progress. Professor Grosse, in his illuminating discussion of the "Beginnings of Art," points out that pure narrative "requires a command of language and of one's own body which is rarely found," and that "children and primitive peoples likewise are indeed unable to make any narration without accompanying it with the appropriate demeanor and play of gesture." Professor Grosse notes that common usage means by a drama, "not the relation of an event enlivened by mimicry, but its direct mimic and verbal representation by several persons"; and he asserts the existence of this in even the lowest stages of culture. He recognizes as one root of a more elaborate drama the duet of the Greenlanders, for example, in which "the two singers are not only relating their adventure, but are representing it by mimic gestures"; and he finds a second source in the mimic dance. Out of one or the other a true drama gets itself evolved at last; and its slow rise in the dramatic scale is in strict proportion to the rise of the people itself in the scale of civilization. The form is enlarged and enriched; it develops in various directions; it will lack literature for long years, until at last there arrives a dramatic poet who takes the form as he finds it, with all its imperfections and inconsistencies. He accepts it without hesitation, certain that it will serve his purpose, since it has already proved that it is satisfactory to the contemporaries whom he has to please. In time, after he has mastered the form as he has received it from his predecessors, he makes it his own and remodels it to his increasing needs, when he has gained confidence in himself, and when he has broadened his outlook on life.

Pantomime itself is proof positive that the drama can be absolutely independent of literature, that it can come into being

without the aid of the written word, and that it can support itself by its own devices. In the earliest periods of culture the drama does exist without literature; and it is only when the people among which it is cherished reaches a very high state of civilization that the drama is able to appear as the loftiest form of poetry.

These inherent tendencies do not cease to be effective with the advent of civilization; if they are truly inherent in humanity they must be at work to-day. And although the action of these instinctive forces is not now with us what it was when our remote ancestors were yet uncivilized, still it is visible if only we take the trouble to look for it. There are few periods when the spontaneous growth of the unliterary drama is not to be seen somewhere; and the history of the theatre supplies many instances of the reinvigoration of the regular drama by the irregular forms. For example, the Italian comedy-of-masks seems to have originated in the humorous jesting of mediæval village-festivals; and nothing could well be more frankly unliterary than these performances, since the plays were absolutely unwritten, the chief of the company explaining the plot to his companions, and the several comedians then improvising the dialogue during the performance itself. Yet this comedy-of-masks was lifted into literature by Molière, whose first long play, the "*Etourdi*," is nothing more or less than a comedy-of-masks carefully written out in brilliant verse.

In like manner, the melodrama, which had been elaborated year by year in the variety-shows of the eighteenth-century fairs of Paris, served early in the nineteenth century as a model for the striking plays of Victor Hugo and of the elder Dumas. In Hugo's case the rather violent framework of the melodrama was so splendidly draped and decorated by his incomparable lyric magnificence, that a critic so susceptible as Mr. Swinburne was moved to hail the French poet as of the race and lineage of Shakespeare. The French melodrama and the Italian comedy-of-masks were, each of them at one stage of its career, almost as unliterary as the pantomimes of the Aleutians and the Australians; and yet we can see how each of them in turn has been elevated by a poet.

II.

It is, perhaps, going a little too far to assert that the drama can be as independent of literature as painting may be, or as

sculpture; and yet this is an overstatement only: it is not an untruth. The painter seeks primarily for pictorial effects, and the sculptor for plastic effects—just as the dramatist is seeking primarily for dramatic effects. On the other hand, there is no denying that the masterpieces of the graphic arts have a poetic quality in addition to their pictorial and plastic qualities. To be recognized as masterpieces, they must needs possess something more than merely technical merits; but without these technical merits they would not be masterpieces. No fresco, no bas-relief, is fine because of its poetic quality alone. In like manner, we may be sure that there is no masterpiece of the drama in which the poetic quality, however remarkable it may be, is not sustained by a solid structure of dramaturgic technic. The great dramatist must be a poet, of course; but first of all he must be a theatre-poet, to borrow the useful German term. And it is a German critic—Schlegel—who has drawn attention to the difference in dramatic capacity which subsists between nations equally distinguished for intellect, “so that theatrical talent would seem to be a peculiar quality, essentially distinct from the poetic gift in general.” By the phrase “theatrical talent” Schlegel obviously means the dramaturgic faculty, the skill of the born play-maker. Voltaire says somewhere that the success of a poem lies largely in the choice of a subject; and it is even more certain that the success of a play lies in the choice of the special aspects of the subject which shall be shown in action on the stage. If the poet is not a playwright, or if he cannot acquire the playwright’s gift of picking out the scenes which will unfailingly move the hearts of the spectators, then his sheer poetic power will not save him, nor any affluence of imagery—just as no luxuriance of decoration would avail to keep a house standing if the foundations were faulty.

This dramaturgic faculty, without which the most melodious poet cannot hope to win acceptance as a dramatist, seems to be generally instinctive. It is a birthright of the play-maker, from whom it can sometimes be acquired by poets not so gifted by nature. For example, Victor Hugo was a poet who was not a born playwright, but who managed to attain the essential principles of the craft—essential principles which poets of the power and sweep of Byron and Shelley were never able to grasp. These British bards were without the dramaturgic faculty which was

possessed, in some measure, by the unliterary play-makers who devised the Italian comedy-of-masks.

In the early days of any art there is always imperfect differentiation; and the polychromatic bas-reliefs of the Egyptians remind us that it was long before painting and sculpture were separated. Not only are comedy and tragedy not carefully kept apart, but the drama itself is commingled with much that is not truly dramatic, and only by slow degrees is it able to disentangle itself from these extraneous matters. Even in the days of the great Greeks, a lyric element survived in their tragedies which was often quite undramatic; and even in England, under Elizabeth, the stage was sometimes made to serve as a pulpit on which a sermon was preached, or as a platform on which a lecture was delivered, while the action of the play was forced to stand still.

There is also to be noted in every period of play-making a frequent element of mere spectacle. The rhythmic movements of the Greek chorus in the orchestra and their statuesque attitudes were meant to take the eye, like the coronation processions in the English chronicle-play of "Henry VIII." Anything of this sort is in its appropriate place in the masks of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, or in the *comédies-ballets* which Molière was so fertile in inventing for Louis XIV.; but it is quite out of keeping with the serious drama, being wholly spectacular. Equally undramatic are the so-called "jigs" of the Elizabethan comic actors and the ground-and-lofty tumbling of the acrobatic performers who took part in the Italian comedy-of-masks. The persistent exhibition of trained animals of one kind or another, and their arbitrary inclusion within the story of the play itself, belongs to this frankly amusing aspect of theatrical entertainment. Here again the mere poet is likely to be unyielding where the born playwright is tolerant, sometimes even finding his account in this taste of the public for the tricks of an over-educated quadruped. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" Shakespeare wrote a part for a trained dog, whereas it was a trained dog that led Goethe to resign the control of the Weimar theatre—but then, Goethe was a poet rather than a theatre-poet.

III.

All these dogs and dances and processions are mere accidental accessories; and they have no vital relation to the essential prin-

ciples of dramaturgy. By slow degrees the dramatist gets control of his material, and comes to a conscious appreciation of the necessities of his art. He may not be able to formulate the conditions which these necessities impose, but he has an intuitive perception of their requirements. These dramaturgic principles are not mere rules laid down by theoretical critics, who have rarely any acquaintance with the actual theatre; they are laws, inherent in the nature of the art itself, standing eternal, as immitigable to-day as when Sophocles was alive, or Shakespeare, or Molière. It is because these laws are unchanging that the observation of the modern theatre helps to give us an insight into the methods of the ancient theatre. And we can go a step further, and confess that the latest burlesque in a music-hall, with its topical songs and its parodies, may be of immediate assistance to us in seizing the intent and in understanding the methods of Aristophanes.

To M. Ferdinand Brunetière—who profited, perhaps, by a hint of Hegel's—we owe the clearest statement of one important law only dimly perceived by earlier critics. He declares that the drama differs from the other forms of literature in that it must always deal with some exertion of the human will. If a play is really to interest us, it must present a struggle; its chief character must desire something, striving for it with all the forces of his being. Aristotle has defined tragedy as “the imitation of an action,” but by action he does not mean mere movement—the fictitious bustle often found in melodrama and in farce. Perhaps the Greek critic intended *action* to be interpreted *struggle*, a struggle in which the hero knows what he wants, and wants it with all his might, and does his best to get it. He may be thwarted by some overpowering antagonist, or he may be betrayed by some internal weakness of his own soul; but the strength of the play and its interest to the spectator will lie in the balance of the contending forces.

Prometheus, riveted to the rock, is determined, at any cost to himself, not to reveal the secret which the unjust god is seeking to wrest from him. Oedipus, the king, insists vehemently and irrevocably on discovering the secret that can bring only his own doom. Romeo is headstrong to marry Juliet, and Juliet is resolved to wed Romeo, no matter who says them nay, and in spite of the fierceness of the deadly feud of the two families. Shylock is bound to have his pound of flesh, and is not to be turned aside

from his lust of revenge by any magnanimous appeals for mercy. Tartuffe is resolved to go any length to get Orgon's money, and he is ready to run any risk to get Orgon's wife. Lady Teazle is set on having her own way, and on gratifying her varying whims, even though she ruins herself.

A determined will, resolute in seeking its own end, this is what we always find in the dramatic form; and this is what we do not find in the lyric or the epic. In the lyric the poet is satisfied if he is able to set forth his own sentiment. The epic poet—with whom the novelist must needs be classed nowadays—has to do mainly with adventure and with character. His narrative is not necessarily dramatic; it may, if he should so prefer, be as placid as a mill-pond. There is no obligation on the novelist to deal with what Stevenson has finely called the great passionate crises of existence “when duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple.” He may do so if he chooses, and if he does, his novel is then truly dramatic; but he need not deal with this conflict unless he likes, and not a few novels of distinction are not intended to be dramatic. *Gil Blas*, *Tom Jones*, and *Waverley*, *Mr. Pickwick* and *Tartarin of Tarascon*, *Silas Lapham* and *Huckleberry Finn*, are none of them beings of unfaltering determination, nor do they exert a controlling influence over the conduct of the stories to which they have given their names. Each of them is more or less a creature of accident and a victim of circumstance. No one of them is master of his own fate, or even steersman of his own bark on the voyage of life. M. Brunetière has drawn our attention to the many resemblances between “*Gil Blas*” and the “*Marriage of Figaro*” in local color and in moral tone; and then he points out that the comic hero of the novel is the sport of chance—he is passive; while the comic hero of the play is active, he has made up his mind to defend his bride against his master; and this struggle is the core of the comedy. The play of *Beaumarchais* might be turned into a narrative easily enough; but the story of *Le Sage* could never be made into a play. And here we may perceive a reason why the modern novel of character-analysis can very seldom be dramatized successfully.

This law of the drama formulated by M. Brunetière carries with it certain interesting corollaries. For example, if the drama demands a display of the human will; then we are justified in expecting to find the theatre feeblest in the races of little energy

and most flourishing among the more self-assertive peoples, and especially in the periods of their outflowering and expansion. This is precisely what we do find; and here we have the explanation of Schlegel's assertion that "in the drama nationality shows itself in the most marked manner." The native Egyptian has been the slave of many masters for scores of centuries, never strong enough of purpose to rise against them and rule himself; and to-day the fellahs of the valley of the Nile appear to be exactly what their ancestors were three and four thousand years ago. Since the dawn of history they seem never to have had souls of their own; and a careful search amid the abundant material in their museums fails to find any trace of a native drama.

The drama has no place in the existence of the weak-willed Egyptians; but it is likely to have a place of honor among the more determined nations, more particularly in the years that follow hard upon the most abundant expression of their vitality. And this is why we find the golden days of the drama in Greece just after Salamis; in Spain not long after the conquest of Mexico and Peru; in England about the time of the defeat of the Armada; and in France when Louis XIV. was the foremost king of Europe. Golden days like these do not always follow the periods of energetic self-expression, even among the most vigorous races, or else there would have been a noble dramatic literature in English in the nineteenth century, when both Great Britain and the United States were expanding exuberantly, but when the abundant vitality of the Americans and the British found other outlets than the theatre. Yet it is only among the energetic races that the drama flourishes vigorously. If any people begins to relax its will and be languid, then its drama is likely soon to flag also and to become enfeebled; and this is what seems to have happened in France in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. If any people, virile enough in other ways, accept a doctrine benumbing to the individual responsibility of man, they are not likely to develop a drama; and this is perhaps the reason why the theatre did not establish itself among the sturdy Saracens, who bade fair more than once to overpower all Europe, those valiant warriors having believed in foreordination rather than in free-will.

There is yet another corollary of this law of M. Brunetière's; or at least there is a chance to use it here to elucidate a principle

often insisted upon by another French critic. The late Francisque Sarcey maintained that every subject for a play, every theme, every plot, contained certain possible scenes which the playwright was bound to present on the stage. These he called the *scènes à faire*, the scenes which had to be done, which could not be shirked, but had to be shown in action. He asserted that the spectator vaguely desires these scenes, and is dumbly disappointed if they take place behind closed doors and if they are only narrated. Now, if the drama deals with a struggle, then the incidents of the plot most likely to arouse and sustain the interest of the audience are those in which the contending forces are seen grappling with one another; and these are therefore the *scènes à faire*, the scenes that must be set upon the stage before the eyes of the spectators.

Thus, it is in the presence of the public that Sophocles brings Oedipus to the full discovery of the fatal secret he has persisted in seeking. Thus Shakespeare lets us behold a street-brawl of the Montagues and Capulets before making us witnesses of the love at first sight of Romeo and Juliet. Nor is Shakespeare satisfied to have some minor character tell us how Iago dropped the poison of jealousy into Othello's ear: he makes us see it with our own eyes, just as Molière makes us hear Tartuffe's casuistical pleading with Orgon's wife. One of the most obvious defects of French tragedy, especially in its decadence toward the end of the eighteenth century, is the frequent neglect or suppression of these necessary scenes and the constant use of mere messengers to narrate the episodes which the spectator would rather have beheld for himself. Victor Hugo remarked that at the performance of a tragedy of this type the audience was ever ready to say to the dramatist that what was being talked about seemed as though it might be interesting—"then why not let us see it for ourselves?"

IV.

M. Brunetière's law helps us to perceive the necessary subject-matter of the drama; and M. Sarcey's suggestion calls our attention to the necessary presentation of the acutest moments of the struggle before our eyes. The drama has other laws also, due to the fact that it is an art; it has its conventions by which alone it is allowed to differ from nature. In every art there is an implied contract between the artist and the public, permitting him to vary from the facts of life, and authorizing him to translate these

facts and to transpose them as his special art may require. The painter, so Mr. John La Farge has reminded us, arrests and stops upon a little piece of paper "the great depth and perspective of the world, its motion, its never resting"; while the sculptor transmutes "this soft, moving, fluctuating, colored flesh in an immovable, hard, rigid, fixed, colorless material." As Goethe once tersely phrased it, "Art is called art only because it is not nature."

The conventions of the drama, its permitted variations from the facts of life, are some of them essential, and therefore permanent; and some of them are accidental only, and therefore temporary. It is a condition precedent to any enjoyment of a play that the fourth wall of every room shall be removed, so that we can see what is going on, also that the actors shall keep their faces turned toward us, and that they shall raise their voices so that we can hear what they have to say. It is essential, moreover, that the dramatist, having chosen his theme, shall present it to us void of all the accessories that would encumber it in real life, showing us only the vital episodes, omitting whatever may be less worthy of our attention, and ordering his plot so that everything is clear before our eyes, to enable us to understand at once every fresh development as the story unfolds itself. And as the action is thus compacted and heightened, so must the dialogue also be condensed and strengthened. It is only a brief time that we have to spend in the theatre; and therefore must the speech of every character be stripped of the tautology, of the digressions, of the irrelevancies which dilute every-day conversation.

These things are essential, and we find them alike in the ancient drama and in the modern. But it is a matter of choice whether the characters shall employ prose or verse, Racine using rhyme, Calderon using assonance, and Shakespeare using prose or verse or even rhyme as occasion serves. Verse and rhyme and assonance are all arbitrary variations from the customary speech of every day, but so also is the picked and polished prose of Sheridan, of Augier, and of Ibsen. Still further removed from the mere fact is the convention of the lyric drama—that all the characters shall sing, as though song was their sole means of expression; and the convention of pantomime—that all the characters shall communicate with each other, and reveal their feelings to us, by gestures only, as though the art of speech had not yet been elaborated.

Temporary and accidental conventions seem natural to us if we happen to be accustomed to them, but they strike us as grossly unnatural when they are unfamiliar. We do not object if a flimsy frame of canvas is lowered before our eyes to represent the castle of Elsinore, or if a stone wall suddenly becomes transparent that Faust may have a vision of Margaret. But we are inclined to smile at the black-robed attendant who hovers about the Japanese actor to provide a fan or a cushion, and who is supposed to be invisible or even non-existent. We should be taken aback if, after a murder was committed off the stage, a door suddenly flew open, revealing the criminals and the corpse posed in a living picture; and yet this is said to have been a device of the Greek theatre. And we should laugh outright if we could listen to one of the mediæval mysteries as they were acted in Portugal, when we heard the devil speaking Spanish, as it was always the custom of the Portuguese to represent him doing.

It is of these conventions that Sir Joshua Reynolds was thinking when he asserted that "in theatric representation great allowance must always be made for the place in which the exhibition is represented, for the surrounding company, the lighted candles, the scenes visibly shifted in our sight, and the language of blank verse so different from common English, which merely as English must appear surprising in the mouths of Hamlet and of all the court and natives of Denmark. These allowances are made; but their being made puts an end to all manner of deception." This last assertion we must qualify, since actual deception is no more the aim of the dramatic art than of the pictorial; in either case the illusion is ours only because we are willing that it should be. But when the painter requires us to make allowances for "the place in which the exhibition is represented," and also for "the surrounding company," he names two of the three conditions under which the playwright has to work perforce.

V.

As a drama is intended to be performed by actors, in a theatre, and before an audience, the dramatist, as he composes, must always bear in mind the players, the play-house, and the playgoers. The lyric poet needs to take thought only for the fit expression of his mood of the moment; and even the epic poet, if haply he had a patron, could be independent of his contempo-

aries. But no dramatic poet can be satisfied until he has seen his work in the theatre itself, where his characters are made flesh and blood before his eyes, and where he can feel the thrill of the audience at his communicable emotion.

Of these three conditions in conscious conformity with which the dramatist labors, probably the least variable is the personality of the actor. The play-house has taken many shapes in different climes, and the spectator must change with civilization itself; whereas the histrionic temperament is very much the same throughout the ages. It is well to remember that the actor must always do his work, not in private, like the poet or the painter, but in public, like the orator; and that the instrument of his art is always his own person. These are reasons why it is hard for him to escape self-consciousness. For the opportunity to perform he is dependent on the dramatist, although he cannot help believing that he must understand the principles of his own art better than any one else. This is a reason why he may seem sometimes intolerant or overmasterful. But he loves his art loyally, and clutches eagerly at every chance to exercise it and to develop his own virtuosity. This loyalty of the actor the dramatists have always relied on; and his virtuosity they have always been glad to utilize. So it need surprise no one to be told that Sophocles was said to write his plays for a given actor, just as M. Sardou has composed certain of his pieces to fit a given actress. If we find that Hamlet is getting fat and scant of breath, we may wonder whether this was not, perhaps, because Burbage was putting on flesh about the time when Shakespeare was revising the tragedy; and if we discover that a certain character in one of Molière's comedies has a limp, we may surmise that this is merely because the part was to be played by Béjart, the author's lame brother-in-law. It is this dependence of the dramaturgic artist on the histrionic which makes the drama so complex an art. The work of the dramatist can be revealed adequately only by the labor of the actors; and one reason why there was no masterpiece of the drama in the Middle Ages is to be found in the fact that the mediæval actors were all of them only amateurs.

However little the psychology of the tragic comedians has changed in the succeeding centuries, there have been many modifications in the shape and size and circumstances of the theatres in which they perform; and these modifications have exerted a

potent influence on the successive forms of the drama. We can see one cause for the massive simplicity of Egyptian statuary in the fact that it had to be wrought in tough granite and in obstinate porphyry; and we can ascribe to the more delicate Parian marble a part, at least, of the exquisite perfection of Greek sculpture, while the capricious grotesquery of carving in the mediæval cathedral may be due to the ease with which the friable sandstone of northern Europe could be worked. Perhaps the severe dignity of Greek tragedy was caused by the immense size of the Theatre of Dionysus, where many thousand citizens gathered under the open sky; and, in like manner, may not some portion of the rapidity and variety of the Elizabethan drama have been due to the unadorned platform thrust out into the yard of the Globe Theatre?

The tragedies of Shakespeare were performed by daylight in a play-house modelled on the court-yard of an inn and not wholly roofed; the comedies of Molière were brought out in an altered tennis-court, on a shallow stage lighted by candles; the "School for Scandal" was written for the huge Drury Lane Theatre, with its broad proscenium-arch, dimly lit by flaring oil-lamps; and the "Gay Lord Quex" was produced in one of the smaller theatres of London, with a proscenium like a picture-frame, brilliantly illuminated by the electric light. After these examples, it is absurd to deny that the condition of the building in which a play is performed may modify the structure of the play itself.

Far more powerful than the influence of the theatre or of the actor upon the dramatist is the influence of the audience. As those "who live to please must please to live," so the play must be what the audience makes it. If the spectators are all coarse brutes, the drama will be coarse and brutal; and if they are fun-loving and free from sickly sentimentality, then it is possible for the playwright to indulge in romantic-comedy. The drama is thus, of necessity, the most democratic of the arts; and any attempt to organize it on an aristocratic basis—such as Goethe ventured upon in Weimar—is foredoomed to failure. The drama appeals always to the broad public, and never to any self-styled upper class. A great poet may be haughty and reserved, and ready to retire into an ivory tower; but a great dramatist must needs have an understanding of his fellow-man—he must have toleration and, above all, sympathy.

The influence of the spectator upon the playwright is like the pressure of the atmosphere upon man; he may never even think about it, but all his organs are adjusted to it none the less. Schlegel remarked that "much must always depend on the capacities and humors of the audience, and, consequently, on the national character in general, and the particular degree of mental culture"; and he might have gone further and asserted that the particular degree of moral culture was equally important. Before a Greek audience, the husband of Alcestis could, without losing sympathy, accept his wife's offer to die in his stead—although to us the fellow seems a pitiful coward. Before a Spanish audience, the husband who is the "Physician of his Own Honor" could, without losing sympathy, kill the wife whom he knows to be innocent, because there is a scandal about her—although to us the man is merely a murderer. This sympathy of the audience is what even the most primitive playwright is always seeking. In his "*Medea*," Euripides apparently brought in *Ægeus* mainly that he might flourish a claptrap eulogy of Athens, the city where the play was to be acted; and in "*Henry V.*" Shakespeare descends to a hyperbole of praise of England, which in the mouth of any one else might sound like the acme of jingoism.

The dramatist does not appeal to the spectators as individuals; he appeals to the audience as a whole, the audience having a collective soul which is not quite the same as the sum total of their several souls. A crowd, as such, is not a mere composite-photograph of its constituent persons; it has a certain personality of its own. By sheer force of juxtaposition the characteristics which the majority have in common are made more powerful, while the divergent characteristics of the individuals are subordinated or eliminated. When he is one of a multitude a man feels and thinks for the moment like the multitude, although when he is alone again he may wonder why he yielded. Dramatists cannot consider the special likings or the special knowledge of any single man or of any minor group of men. They must try to find the greatest common denominator of the throng. That is to say, they must ever seek the universal—for it is only at their peril that they can use the particular.

VI.

Desiring to please the audience as a whole, the dramatists are always ready to accept its verdict as final. There is no immediate

appeal from this judgment, rendered in the theatre itself, whether it is favorable or adverse. As Regnard makes the comedian say, "It is the public which determines the fate of works of wit—and our fate; and when we see it come in crowds to a new play we judge that the piece is good, and we do not care for any other assurance." And here the comedian was indisputably right; the approval of the public is the first proof of worthy success, for there are no good plays save those which have been applauded in the play-house. The recognized masterpieces of the drama have all of them been popular in their own day. Sophocles and Shakespeare, Lope de Vega and Molière, Sheridan and Beaumarchais, were, every one of them, widely appreciated by their contemporaries. True it is, also, that there have been other playwrights whose contemporary success was undeniable and whose fame is now faded—Heywood, for example, and Kotzebue and Scribe, in whose works posterity has failed to find the element of permanency.

Although the works of Heywood and Kotzebue and Scribe call for no consideration from a lover of literature only, since purely literary merit is just what they lack, they still demand attention from a student of dramatic literature, who can spy out in them the selfsame qualities which gave immediate success also to the masterpieces of the great dramatists. The drama is an art which has developed slowly and steadily, and which is still alive; its history has the same essential unity, the same continuity, that we are now beginning to see more clearly in the history of the whole world. Its principles, like the principles of every other art, are eternal and unchanging, whatever strange aspects the art may assume. As history is said to be only past politics, and politics to be in fact only present history, so in dramatic literature what once was helps us to understand what now is, and what now is aids us to appreciate what once was. If we could only behold all the links, we should be able to trace an unbroken chain from the crudest mythological pantomime of primitive man down to the severest problem-play of the stern Scandinavian whose example has been so stimulating to the modern stage.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WHY THE ARMY CANTEEN SHOULD NOT BE RESTORED.

BY MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL
WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

I HAVE read with deep interest the article in the January number of the REVIEW, "Why the Army Canteen Should be Restored." Representing a great army of temperance workers in this country, known as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I am grateful for the privilege accorded me of replying in brief to the statements contained in that article.

The writer of the article is correct in thinking that the proposition to restore the Canteen will "meet with severe opposition," but he is wrong when he states that the proposition is destined to meet with opposition "through ignorance." It may be well for a moment to consider who the opponents of the Canteen have been and now are, in order to see if they can rightfully be classed as ignorant.

The attitude of the churches throughout the country is well known. The following declaration of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, made in 1900, plainly defines the views of that body on the Canteen question:

"We deeply regret that, after the enactment of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages at army posts and in forts, camps, and reservations used for military purposes, a law plainly intended to effectuate this result and so understood by its friends and foes in and out of Congress and by the Chief Magistrate who signed it, by a construction which seems to us forced and unnatural placed upon the law by the Attorney-General, its plain intent was defeated, and the Government of the United States, amid the exultation of all sympathizers with the liquor traffic, resumed the practice of selling intoxicating beverages to its soldiers. Aroused and indignant at the aggressiveness of the liquor power, at the inexcusable miscarriage of the anti-Canteen law, and at the new perils in which the nation is involved in its new possessions, the Church

will summon and pledge all her ministers and people to a more determined struggle against this enormous evil and urge each to contribute thereto according to his judgment, his testimony, his example, and his ballot."

The stand there taken against the Canteen has been upheld ever since by the leading papers and people of that denomination.

No less pronounced is the attitude of nearly all the other denominations.

"The Standard," a leading Baptist paper published in Chicago, about a year after the passage of the present anti-Canteen law, said:

"A systematic attempt has already been made to magnify the drunkenness and disorder of the army posts since the Canteens were abolished. The daily newspapers print frequent accounts of drunken riots at various army posts, with the comment that this is what might have been expected now the soldiers are deprived of the Canteen beer. There is no doubt, of course, that soldiers still get drunk on whiskey obtained at saloons near the posts. This they have done from time immemorial, and the sale of beer in the post exchanges does not prevent a flourishing trade at the outside saloons. The argument offered in favor of the beer Canteen, that it prevented the soldiers from getting whiskey, never had the support of facts."

The temperance organizations of the country and young people's societies, like the Christian Endeavor, are against the Canteen, and like the church they do not represent the *ignorant* people. On the contrary, many of those who belong to and work in the temperance organizations are specialists on matters relating to the use of alcoholics, spending their entire time in study and investigation concerning the nature and effects of alcoholic liquor and the best methods of restricting its sale. Many such men may be found in the Anti-Saloon League, a society which numbers among its members and officers many who stand high in professional life, and who study this question in a non-partisan and non-sectarian way. This Society, at its annual convention assembled in Washington a few weeks ago, resolved to do its utmost to defeat any attempt to repeal the anti-Canteen law, and to "continue agitation until the public and those who control the army understand that liquor-selling in the army Canteen is a question of national morality, and not alone one of military regulation."

I might also quote expressions to the same effect from leading men in the Prohibition Party and the National Temperance Society, who certainly are well informed concerning the Canteen

and the results of its abolishment; likewise from representatives of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose members have been studying and discussing the question of liquor-selling in the army for more than twenty years. We all feel that we have conclusive proof that the effect of the anti-Canteen law is good for the soldier, and hence good for the country.

The interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in abolishing the Canteen system is of long standing. In 1883, Miss Frances E. Willard recommended in her annual address before the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she was President, the appointment of a Superintendent of Gospel Work among soldiers and sailors. It came about in this way: Miss Willard was visiting in a Southern home, when she met a beautiful young woman who was closely related to an army officer. Miss Willard talked with her about the many departments of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the young lady with great earnestness said: "I wish you would add one more department for the soldiers, for my brother is a soldier." Miss Willard said: "It seems like poetic justice that a pure and gentle girl, tenderly interested to protect her brother from the bad habits so often induced by army life, should have been the procuring cause of this beneficent department of our work."

The last report of the Surgeon-General plainly indicates that there has been a decrease of disease in the army since the Canteen was abolished. In 1900, prior to its abolishment, the number admitted to the hospitals in the whole army, compared with the number admitted in 1902, showed a decrease of 25 per cent. for the latter year; and insanity has decreased in somewhat greater proportion than have other diseases. The courts-martial report shows that, since the anti-Canteen law was passed, there has been a decrease of about forty per one thousand men.

General Miles has said:

"The prediction that the change would prevent enlistments and increase desertions has not been fulfilled. Since the law was approved, namely, on February 2, 1901, the recruiting stations have been thronged with men seeking enlistment for the service, 25,944 men having enlisted since that date, and the percentage of desertions is now far less than in former years. Desertions most usually occur during the first six months of enlistment, and a much larger percentage of enlistments has been made during the past six months than heretofore. In many cases, the men that have deserted belong to a class whose presence in the service

was not desirable under any conditions, but whose real character was not known at the time of enlistment."

Major Seaman thinks the name Canteen as used is "illogical and unrighteous." In General Orders 69, of the War Department, we find the description of a Post Exchange with a Canteen provision to be:

"(a) A well-stocked general store in which such goods are kept as are usually required at military posts, and as extensive in number and variety as conditions will justify; (b) a well-kept lunch counter supplied with as great a variety of viands as circumstances permit, such as tea, coffee, cocoa, non-alcoholic drinks, soup, fish, cooked and canned meats, sandwiches, pastries, etc.; (c) a Canteen at which, under the conditions hereinafter set forth, beer and light wines, by the drink, and tobacco, may be sold; (d) reading and recreation rooms, etc."

The "Canteen" has certainly been an unrighteous place. The Secretary of the National Reform Bureau thus describes one of them:

"I saw the Canteen in operation on a pay-day, not in an extemporized volunteer camp in time of war, but in a New England fort, at Newport, R. I., in time of peace—between the Cuban and Philippine war—in charge of regular army soldiers, though volunteers also patronized it. The bar was almost 'the whole thing.' The eating tables were in the kitchen, and the cigar stand was in a small corner. Behind the bar stood a soldier and a professional bar-tender, both drenched in perspiration and beer, dealing out drinks as fast as they could to the soldiers, who stood four deep in front howling for it, in all stages of intoxication, while a 'skin game' of gambling, on the floor at one end of the bar, was making away with all the money that had not been spent, then or in advance, for beer in the case of many a soldier. Instead of the Canteen keeping the soldiers from outside saloons, they went from that preparatory course in beer to deeper drinking in the city saloons, which they crowded, where they had more gambling; and from this second course, many went on to a third that I need not mention. Talk about Canteens keeping men from deserting! Fully half of the regiment deserted that pay-day night as a part of the spree. Canteens are not all alike, any more than outside saloons; but I have pictures and testimony to prove *that* one fairly representative."

General A. S. Daggett has aptly said:

"The Canteen stands as a constant invitation to the total abstainer to drink, as a temptation to the moderate drinker to drink more, and as a convenience to the drunkard to load up on beer when he has not the means to obtain anything stronger."

Seventy-five per cent. of the army consists of young men, and a great many of them come from country homes. Many had never drunk, and some had never seen a saloon; but, removed from home influences, with the temptation of the legalized sale of alcoholics, such as the Canteen afforded, in their midst, it is not strange that many of them yielded, and that some of them, if they lived to return to their homes, were spoken of as those who were "ruined by army life."

According to the views of the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, those people who are well informed, who fully understand the waste and misery caused by alcoholic drinks and who are true patriots, must rejoice that "the sale or dealing in beer, wine, or any intoxicating liquors by any person in any Post Exchange or Canteen or army transport, or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States, is prohibited." And, by the same token, such people will work for the retention and enforcement of this beneficent law.

I forbear to give in detail the opinions of the Generals who have approved of the anti-Canteen measure, but I may mention the names of some of them: Generals Wheeler, Howard, Ludlow, Henry, Boynton, Willcox, Stanley, Rochester, Harris, Carr, Carlin, Graham, Castleman, Bliss, Lee; I have already referred to the position of Generals Miles and Daggett. It may not be out of place to give the opinion of some of the Post Chaplains. Chaplain Bateman, who is stationed at Vancouver Barracks, several months after the passage of the anti-Canteen law said:

"The Mayor of Vancouver, Mr. Johnson, informs me that the town has never been so quiet as it is now, nor disorderly conduct on the part of the soldiers so infrequent. I do not say that this is the result of the abolishment of the Canteen, but can only point to it as an undisputed fact."

Chaplain Nave has said:

"The Government Canteen doctrine is dangerous to inculcate into the minds of hundreds of thousands of young men destined to return to citizenship, and be fathers of children of the future republic. It will result in undoing the best work of these days. The business success of the Canteen gained the adherence of many who did not seriously consider their moral influence."

At Fort Wadsworth previous to the passing of the anti-Canteen law there were 21 prisoners in the guard-house, while under

the new law the next pay-day the number was reduced to 9, which is said to be the lowest in years.

The claim that cheap saloons and disreputable resorts have multiplied near by the forts or posts is, to a great extent, erroneous. It has been reliably stated that nothing of this kind has occurred in the neighborhood of Fort Wadsworth or near Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn, whereas an old and rather notorious place near the latter fort was closed for lack of business a few months after the enactment of the anti-Canteen law.

I am in receipt of many letters from those who represent both sides of the controversy. I have a letter from a soldier in which he says that, while the Canteen existed, many of those who became intoxicated were shielded, but that now, when the men go to a saloon and return to their post intoxicated, they are speedily tried and placed in the guard-house with a fine; and he adds: "We believe this is done to get the public interested and have a bill passed to open the Canteen again."

Colonel Myrick, Commandant at Fort Preble, Maine, in an interview which he granted us in regard to the effects of the abolishment of the Canteen, said:

"I think there was a disposition on the part of captains, when the Canteen was in vogue, to rather overlook cases where men were intoxicated. They had a sort of feeling that it wasn't quite just to put the temptation before the men and then punish them for drinking; now it is a matter of going outside the post, and the army officers do not hesitate to punish the men for the same indulgence, in the same way they hesitated when the beer was sold to them legally in the Canteen."

There is no Canteen in the navy. The order against the sale of beer or any other kind of liquor in the navy, Secretary Long has said, was brought about by "the solicitation of naval officers themselves, who were actuated by a sense of duty to the service."

Secretary Long added:

"The sale of beer on shipboard was regarded by many of them as an evil, and they sought to abate it. . . . The matter was first suggested to the Department by Captain Folger, of the cruiser 'New Orleans.' After his return from the war, he wrote a letter in which he fully explained the evils which, in his judgment, resulted from permitting the sale of liquor on shipboard.

"This letter I referred to a number of other captains. Among them were Captains Barker, Higginson, Crowninshield, and Bradford. After a careful consideration of the matter they reported; the majority

of them favoring the absolute prohibition of beer and liquor on board. Then it was that the order was issued. The Department felt that its duty to the boys and men in the service required such an order."

We wish to emphasize the opinion of General Joseph Wheeler, that it is "wise for corporations and business men to require total abstinence from their employees. It is also wise for the government to encourage a total abstinence in the army." Surely the United States Government should be able to control its soldiers as well as business corporations control their employees; the discipline of the United States army should be as good and effectual as that of any railroad company or any other corporation, and there is an increasing sentiment to the effect that it is morally wrong for the United States Government to engage in the saloon business.

In regard to the statement in Major Seaman's article referring to the action of the American Medical Association, at its St. Paul meeting, deploring the action of Congress in abolishing the Canteen and recommending its re-establishment, I beg to quote from a letter written by Dr. Didama to the Syracuse "Post Standard." Dr. Didama is one of the leading physicians in New York State, and Dean of the Medical College of Syracuse University. Dr. Didama's statement is of great importance, because it illustrates the manner in which much of the testimony in favor of the Canteen is secured and reported. Dr. Didama writes:

"At a meeting of army surgeons, mostly veterans, held at St. Paul just prior to the assembling of the National Medical Association, a resolution was offered urging Congress to restore the Canteen or 'Post Exchange.' . . . At a general meeting of the American Medical Association, when a majority of the 1500 members were present, the Soldier's Committee appeared and had their resolution presented. A speech in advocacy of the Canteen, commenced by one of the soldiers, a member of the Association, became so violent and abusive that it was suppressed by the clamor of the Convention, and the resolution was not adopted, but referred to a legislative committee acting in Washington.

"The Canteen advocates, determined to secure a decision in their favor, rallied their forces the next morning, when not more than fifty members of the Association were present—the rest being at work in the various sections—and secured an affirmative vote, which the President declared unanimous, although he did not put the negative. This vote, secured by a trick, was the heralded unanimous action of the great American Medical Association."

Dr. Didama further says:

"The Canteen is the primary school, the kindergarten, for the saloons.

Many a new recruit tasted alcoholic beverage for the first time in the Canteen. The taste acquired there led him with boon companions to the grog-shop."

Temperance advocates are well pleased with the result thus far of the non-beer exchange, but the eighteen months' trial has been made under the most unfavorable circumstances. The army has been reorganized, and new and inexperienced officers have been put in command of companies. Inspector Breckinridge says in his report: "In the Philippines especially, many companies are without captains, and the companies are in command of new and untried officers."

Again, substitutes for the Canteen have not been established; the half million dollars appropriated by Congress last spring for libraries, amusement buildings, etc., has not been used. A leading General has said, what temperance specialists believe to be true, "that, if all the improvements recommended could be faithfully carried out for five years, the majority of officers would probably favor the plan; continue it for ten years and, I believe, but very few would wish to return to the Canteen system."

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS.

MACEDONIA'S STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE, RETIRED.

THE pen of a Shakespeare could hardly do justice to the tremendous dramatic contrasts of the last six months in Macedonia. On the one hand, a splendid pageantry of mimic warfare, the great Balkan campaign of five-and-twenty years ago fought over again in the presence of many of the men who wrote that page of red world-history with their swords; the swift dash for the Shipka Pass, the beleaguering of Plevna, the final surging of the Russian armies over the Balkans, and the last wild stand of the Turks at Sheinovo, with the snow-covered mountains as background, and in front the Vale of Roses. On the other hand, the wild misery of Turkish misrule through the three Macedonian provinces; the man-hunts among the mountains, Turks and Bulgarians dogging each other like wild beasts; the burning of Christian villages; the insults to women; the sufferings of the helpless children and the aged; starving bands of fugitives crossing the northern frontier, while battalions of Turkish troops from the Asiatic provinces of the Sultan were being hurried into the southern villages. Here is such a mingling of splendor and misery, of pageantry and passion, of piteousness and hate, in a setting of such wonderful stateliness and color, that only a master of masters could fitly portray it.

We can gain some understanding of this new page of world-history by separating the elements, with their intricate entanglements of contending races and policies, their jarring discords of rival religions, their profound obscurities and contradictions, which have made the Eastern Question almost impossible of solution. We shall begin with the conditions of anarchic misery which have existed so long in Macedonia. For years back, every spring has seen fighting among the Macedonian mountains;

with the disappearance of the snows, there comes an opportunity to the Bulgarian mountaineers and peasants, who form the bulk of the population, to take vengeance on their oppressors, the Turkish soldiery and police. Ambushes are set for the patrols, or for small bands of soldiers; men disappear among the caves and forests in the hills; villages are attacked and burned; murders are common everywhere throughout the three provinces. Then come the extreme heats of summer, when the contest slackens, and dies away, to be revived in the coming spring. By that time, there are new outrages to avenge, new injustices and insults to be paid for; the insolence of office, and the law's delays, bribery, corruption, violence, have opened new scores, and added to old reckonings. Above all, and as the cause of all, stands the Turk's administrative impotence, the powerlessness of a dying race to conceive and carry out sound schemes of organization and order founded on large ideas and broad imaginative grasp; a lack of that collective insight and will which is the foundation stone of settled government. With this power lacking, good or bad intentions, humane or savage impulses, alike lead to anarchy; and throughout Macedonia anarchy has reigned for generations.

But this wild misery and cruelty alone would never have brought the Macedonian question into world politics. For this were necessary the binding forces of thought and will that make aggregations of power; and these forces were found in the rising aspirations and growing national consciousness of the Balkan Slavs, and in the sympathies and antipathies thereby aroused beyond their northern frontiers. Of the three million inhabitants of Macedonia, five-sixths are of Bulgarian race and speech, the minority being Turkish soldiers and officials, Greek merchants, priests and settlers along the *Ægean*, and a district of Vlacks among the Pindus mountains. To this we must add the Old Servian region in the northwest, very important, as representing the arena of two contesting nationalities. But setting aside these scattered fragments, Macedonia is a land of Bulgarian Slavs, Christians of the Oriental rite, under Mussulman rulers, largely of Turkish race. The inevitable resultant anarchy, which has its cause not so much in the malevolence of the Turk as in his administrative impotence, has long attracted the hearty sympathy of the four million Bulgarian subjects of Prince Ferdinand.

It is to aid their three million brothers in Macedonia, that the Bulgarians of the Principality form the Macedonian Committees we have heard so much of; and the aims and ideals of these Committees have the sympathy of all Bulgarians, including the governing powers, though the means they employ may be repudiated, as is inevitable so long as Bulgaria remains, even nominally, a vassal state of the Sultan.

The presiding genius of the Macedonian Committees of Bulgaria is Colonel Zontcheff, a former officer and an enthusiast, touched with that zealous readiness for martyrdom, that fiery exaltation of will which is so characteristic of the Slavonic genius. Colonel Zontcheff and his Committee have a loose organization spreading through the three Macedonian provinces, and having branches in nearly every village inhabited by Bulgarians. These branches are centres of revolutionary propaganda, and there can hardly be a doubt that they have a strong rallying centre in the monastic communities of the Hagion Oros, or Mount Athos. For the work of the Macedonian Committee is as much religious as political, and it is the bond of common religion and worship which so strongly attracts the sympathies of the Russian nation to the Bulgarian struggle for freedom. After months of organization, the friends and emissaries of Colonel Zontcheff found themselves ready to act at the beginning of September. On the first of the month, an armed band of the Macedonian Committee attempted to cross the frontier from Bulgaria into Macedonia, but was prevented by the Government, which, as a nominal vassal of Turkey, could not openly connive at an insurrection against Turkish misrule. On the day following, the papers of the Macedonian Committee were seized; Colonel Zontcheff was arrested at Dubnitsa, and there was a momentary lull in the work of preparation.

During the week of quiescence, certain remarkable events took place at Agram in Croatia, a province under the direct rule of Hungary—events not connected with the Macedonian question, but valuable as shedding light on the complex problems of race and faith in the Balkans. A Servian paper published at the capital, Belgrade, had foreshadowed the formation of a Greater Serbia, to include Croatia and Slavonia, and part of northern Macedonia. This was reprinted in Agram, where the majority of the Slavs are Catholics, who look for the formation of a

Greater Croatia under the crown of the Dual Monarchy. The claim of Orthodox Serbia to dominate Catholic Croatia, though both are Slav, caused a fury of excitement in Agram, several days rioting being only ended by the exodus of nearly the whole Servian population. Threats of retaliation on the Catholics were made at Belgrade, but fortunately were not carried out. This outburst of religious passion throws a flood of light on the lasting antagonism between Austrian and Russian policy in the Balkan peninsula.

Another incident of three or four days later sheds further light on this tangled race-problem. Outside of Constantinople, the real Osmanli Turks are a mere handful in European Turkey. Their ranks are strengthened by many Mussulmans of Slav blood, so that it is said of the Balkans: "Scratch the Turk, and you will find the Slav." But a far more formidable buttress of the Turkish power is found in Albania along the Adriatic, where there are eight hundred thousand Mussulman Arnauts—a name corrupted from Albanian—who in stalwart valor and fanatical zeal vie with the early followers of the Prophet. These Arnauts remind us of the Highland clans in the Middle Ages. Kilted mountaineers, like the Highlanders, they are full of passionate tribal loyalty. An apprenticeship of cattle-raiding and brigandage is part of the training of every young man, and they hold intrusive foreigners in utter detestation. For all Slavs, they have a traditional hatred and contempt.

Russia recently decided to plant a consulate in the midst of these Moslem clansmen, choosing Mitrovitz as its site, and sending forward certain lesser employees, who were at first well received by the Turkish officials. Then one of the great Albanian chiefs, Issa Boljetinaz, arrived in the town with a swarm of clansmen, their belts stuck full of pistols and knives. Chief Issa was furious when he heard of the proposed Russian consulate; and, summoning a mass meeting, he denounced the interloping foreigners without mercy. As a result, the consulate advance-guard was turned out of the inn, bidden to quit the town without a moment's delay; and a town-crier announced in Albanian that, if any one harbored the Russians, his throat would be cut and his house burned to the ground.

As a climax and crown to these doings, Chief Issa published abroad that the Russian consul was to be shot, the moment he

appeared at the railway station. No wonder that a writer in Athens a few days later described northern Macedonia in the following terms:

"Official incompetence, negligence, corruption and oppression are doing their worst, and the condition of the subject population is one of indescribable misery. Here the Albanians are supreme, and their arrogance, cruelty and rapacity are daily becoming more intolerable. The Christian peasants are more than ever a prey to their violence and extortions."

Meanwhile, the revolutionists in Macedonia, whether native Bulgarians, or members of the Macedonian Committee from the Principality, were pressing forward the work of insurrection. Towards the end of September, news of outbreaks began to be reported from points scattered throughout the three Macedonian provinces of Kossova, Monastir and Salonika, each with an area of about ten thousand square miles, and a population of a million. At Kastoria, a Turkish police patrol of three men was ambushed and shot by Bulgarians; at Babsof and Vizjana, there were further collisions, in which several of both sides were killed. At Zelinice, two Turks were shot by Bulgarians, and in a neighboring village three Turkish soldiers were killed. Towards the close of the month, Colonel Zontcheff escaped from prison, only to be recaptured on the following day.

Then telegrams began to pour into Constantinople, telling of the appearance of armed bands of Bulgarians everywhere throughout Macedonia. One considerable band, numbering three hundred, was surrounded by Turkish troops in the Salonika district, but succeeded in forcing its way through, with heavy loss to both sides. Three Turkish battalions pursued the survivors. Before the month was ended, every Bulgarian village in the province of Monastir was said to have risen in arms. Sanguinary collisions with Turkish troops took place, Turkish and Bulgarian villages were raided; and it is probable that excesses and outrages were committed by both sides in this fierce war of races and religions. The matter was further complicated by the Mussulman Arnauts, who raided not only Macedonia, but the southern borders of Servia also, killing and wounding many frontier guards and peasants. A pitched battle was fought between the Albanian clansmen, under their chief Mustapha Agha, and the Turkish regulars under Schemei Pasha, the Turks shell-

ing the Albanian villages of Kaprin and Babronitch, and reducing them to ashes.

The dominant figure in the insurrection of Macedonian Bulgarians was the former Bulgarian lieutenant-colonel Jankoff, who had at least three thousand men directly under his orders, operating around Kastoria, Vodena, Gievgili and Neglena. Telegraphic and railroad communication was interrupted, the whole country was in a state of siege. At the beginning of October, five hundred Turkish troops were sent to Vodena, and a like number to Mitrovitza, where, it will be remembered, the Arnaut chief had threatened to shoot the Russian consul at sight. Near Vodena, the Macedonian Committee had a force of two hundred men, who compelled or induced the villagers to join them. At this time, the Turks had not less than three hundred battalions divided among the Macedonian garrisons. Colonel Jankoff issued a proclamation in the first week of October, inviting all Bulgarians in Macedonia,—practically the entire population—to take up arms for the liberty of their country. He declared that all other Balkan States had won their freedom by fire and blood, but urged his followers to abstain from injuring non-combatant Mussulmans. Five hundred Bulgarians were thrown into prison in Monastir.

Meanwhile, the Macedonian Committee in Sofia was urging the Bulgarian Government to invite the intervention of the Great Powers in the Macedonian dispute; and it is evident that the whole campaign was organized with this hope, for the Macedonian peasants could not possibly stand unaided against the Turkish armies. But considerations of politics put any such intervention at that time quite out of the question, and the Macedonians were left to fight their battles single-handed.

There were the usual incidents of semi-barbarous warfare. The villagers in the Karajova district, north of Vodena, who had fled to the hills, were invited by the Turkish authorities to send a deputation to arrange for their peaceful return to their homes. Ten were sent, including a priest, a school-master and a doctor, but they were immediately seized, and imprisoned by the Turks. At Constantinople, an *iradé* was issued, branding all fugitives as outlaws, and therefore giving them over to the tender mercies of the Turkish troops. It is said, however, that the Turkish officers showed considerable zeal in suppressing outrage and violence.

In the second week of October, a proclamation was issued at Sofia by Lieutenant-Colonel Nicoleff, president of the revolutionary committee, declaring that a state of insurrection existed in the districts of Djumaia, Melnik, Petritch, Nevrekop, Demirhissar, Poroia, Doiran, Malochevo, Strumnitza, Uskub, and Razlog. On the day following, appeared a proclamation by the militant leader, Colonel Jankoff, declaring that the sanguinary drama had begun, that the whole of Macedonia was ablaze; the duty of all was to rally round the Macedonian flag, to shed their blood for the emancipation of their homes. He called on the Macedonians to remember the Emperor Samuilo, Marko Kraljevic, and the Pan Slavist heroes, declaring that, from Heaven above, they looked down and blessed the work of liberation. He concluded with the following stirring appeal:

"Brethren, consider the free Balkan peoples that surround us, and you will find that their liberty was purchased at the cost of streams of blood. Let us follow their example; freedom is not bestowed as a gift—it must be won. Macedonians in exile, the hour has come, the battle has begun. Return, therefore, to your homes to take part in the liberation of our serfs. The moment is at hand when you must forget all personal interests and all differences, and hasten to the assistance of your fatherland. Shame upon you, if you turn a deaf ear to the cry for help. Twenty-five years ago, the masters of Europe signed, with the blood of two hundred thousand Russians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Servians and Montenegrins, the Treaty of Berlin, whereby the autonomy of our country was guaranteed. It also bore the signature of the ruler of the Mussulmans, Sultan Abdul Hamid II., but up to the present day that treaty has not been executed, and tyranny has not ceased to oppress our fatherland. We, who join in the insurrection for human rights and a life worth living, call upon you Christian peoples to force your leaders to support our sacred rights. Know that we will not lay down our arms until we have obtained the privileges which have been promised us, and have secured the freedom of Macedonia."

All this time, the Turks were struggling, not only against the Bulgarian Christians, but also against the Mussulman Albanians. General Schemei Pasha captured the mountain strongholds of a number of Arnaut clans, seizing their cattle in payment of arrears of taxes. Some days later, the redoubtable Issa Boljetinaz was defeated and captured, and at present he is confined in an Asiatic fortress. In spite of his blood-thirsty intention, the Russian consulate at Mitrovitza has been established.

In the second week of October, the Turks attacked a Bulgarian

band numbering two hundred, at Djumaia, killing fifty and capturing thirty-five. Another band of insurgents planned an attack on the railroad from Constantinople through Salonika to Monastir, which crosses the river Struma at Demirhissar. Their intention was to break the line of communication, thus preventing the arrival of Turkish reinforcements. They failed, however; and Generals Talat and Shakir Pasha hurried forward by special trains with a large body of troops. Colonel Zontcheff escaped from prison for the second time within a fortnight, and joined the insurgents in Macedonia. A band of Bulgarians, led by Captain Stoianoff, routed four detachments of Turkish soldiers, numbering two hundred men, near Serbinovo. The villages of Geleznitza and Padege were destroyed; and the insurgents near Djumaia captured three Turkish guns. A band of eight hundred Bulgarians was defeated in the Razlog district, losing a tenth of their number in killed, as well as many wounded. Six hundred women, children and old men crossed the frontier into Bulgarian territory near Dubnitza, to escape the Turkish soldiery. They reported the complete destruction of the Christian villages of Stamer, Drenovo, Serbinovo and Pirin. The village of Oranovo was in flames, and its inhabitants had been massacred. The church at Serbinovo had been desecrated and burned.

All this time, Turkish troops from the Asiatic provinces were being poured into Macedonia through Salonika, and it gradually grew clear that the insurrection would be suppressed by sheer weight of numbers. Snow fell on the mountains in the last week of October, and this was a general signal for a relaxation of hostilities, the key-note of the situation being struck by the "*Novoe Vremya*" in the following sentence:

"The result will probably be that Turkish injustice and severity will heap up material for a fresh conflagration in the spring, when a new revolt will have more chance of success than at the present advanced season of the year."

Having given a pretty complete picture of the events of two or three months ago in Macedonia, of which only occasional and hardly intelligible echoes found their way into the American papers, we shall now inquire into the moral, social and political situation that lies beneath this surging sea of revolutionary chaos, which entails such boundless misery on the Bulgarian popula-

tion of the three Macedonian provinces. For high political reasons, to which we shall return, official Russia was hostile to this Macedonian revolutionary movement throughout; so that we may take it as certain that Russian writers are not likely to exaggerate the miserable anarchy which gives these movements their justification. We may, therefore, accept as thoroughly reliable the following picture of the condition of Uskub, the chief town of the northern Macedonian province of Kossova, which appeared in the *Russian Messenger*, in September:

"Murder is such a common occurrence in Uskub that people have agreed not to speak of it. The normal life of the city could not go on without it. The cynicism and license of the people have gone so far that they commit murder in sight of the consuls, or before their houses; and the consuls can only protest with horror. But under the present régime, these protests are rarely effective; for the most part, no attention is paid to them, and the consuls can only resign themselves, and accustom their nerves to these things, considering them as an unavoidable evil. In Uskub, no one talks about the daily murders. They are somewhat more interested in general cutting affrays and street battles, or in the open insurrections which are periodically renewed at intervals of less than a year."

This is a description of Uskub as it normally is, and was written some little time before the exceptional outbreaks of last autumn. We may judge of the condition of the remaining towns in Macedonia, and of the remote and little known country districts, by what goes on in this important city only a few hours by rail from the frontier of Christian civilization. We may add a few touches of color from a semi-official pamphlet on the Macedonian question, recently published at Sofia. Here is a characteristic incident:

"Last April, a band of Turkish gendarmes, under the command of Captain Malik Effendi, met and arrested a certain Constantine Silyanoff, on his way from Kostintsa. The captain suspected him of being a possible revolutionary, and ordered him to be beaten; then they impaled him with a bayonet, drove nails into his flesh, and burned his body with a red-hot iron, to extort confessions of the doings of the revolutionary committee. Silyanoff died a few hours later."

Here is an incident of a different type:

"In the village of Mustapha, in the province of Adrianople, there is a Turkish garrison, which terrorizes the population by incessant acts of

violence. In April, the soldiers noticed the daughters of the peasant Christak, and attempted to assault them. The neighbors were attracted by their cries, and after a fierce battle succeeded in freeing the unfortunate girls. On the same day, three Bulgarian women returning from market to their village were assaulted by Turkish soldiers. These outrages are of daily occurrence, wherever there are Turkish garrisons."

The Turks are accused of making raids in search of revolutionary propaganda, and, in order to make conviction the more certain, of bringing circumstantial evidence with them, in the shape of inflammatory pamphlets and speeches, which they scatter through the houses of suspects, who are presently tried and condemned to exile in Asian dungeons on the strength of the evidence thus found. The better class of Bulgarians, merchants, priests and school-teachers, are considered most dangerous, as being best fitted to arouse and cherish national feeling; and no expedients are spared to obtain their conviction, on Turkish evidence, before Turkish judges. On such grounds Bachevaroff, a teacher in the Adrianople gymnasium, was imprisoned for three years, and then banished to Asia; in March last, Antoff, a teacher in Prilip, was arrested under like conditions, and has since died in prison; in April, Mikhoff, superintendent of the Bulgarian schools in Veles, was suspected of complicity in the revolutionary movement, arrested, and taken to Uskub for trial. He was tortured, but confessed nothing—as was only natural, seeing that he knew nothing of the proposed outbreaks. The authorities, deeming it inexpedient to liberate him with the marks of torture on his body, decided to make away with him, and he was shot in prison. The matter was brought to light by the efforts of the French consul, who had evidently failed to "accustom his nerves" to the amenities of Turkish rule.

To show the continuity of this state of things, let us add a few incidents chronicled by E. de Laveleye some fifteen or sixteen years ago: in the town of Kratovo, certain Turkish officials went to eat and drink in the house of a well-to-do Bulgarian, then drove away the parents to assault their daughters; in the village of Zeletovo, a Bulgarian's ox entered the yard of a Turk, who in a rage killed the Bulgarian; in the village of Maslonko, Traitchoff, a Bulgarian peasant, and his two daughters were found murdered; in the village of Negilovo, three Bulgarians, Storanoff, Georgnieff and Istkoff, were taken and killed, their captors

first putting out their eyes, and flaying them. The assassins, though known, were not brought to justice.

It is useless to multiply instances, or to speak of the perpetual brigandage, or the religious persecution of Orthodox Bulgarians by the bishops of the Church of Greece. Mr. Gladstone, writing in 1879, said: "The See of Constantinople, and its followers, little to their credit, ostensibly took the side of the Turks during the late war," and there is evidence that they have been true to their allegiance, thwarting every expression of Bulgarian national feeling by every means in their power, and losing no opportunity to call down the penalties of the Turkish inquisition on the schools, churches, language and aspirations of the Macedonian Bulgarians. If we add this two-fold religious persecution to the conditions of civil anarchy already described, the outbreaks of the autumn, which we have chronicled, and the probable uprisings of the coming spring need no further explanation. With the oppression of Turks, Albanians and Greek ecclesiastics combined, the Bulgarians of Macedonia would be more or less than human, if they did not rebel.

To turn now to the political question: How is it that the Great Powers do not intervene? How is it that Russia in particular, which for generations has done so much for the cause of Orthodox Slav nationality in the Balkans, does not compel Turkey to liberate Macedonia, or at least to make the autonomy promised in 1878 something more of a reality? The answer of history is all-sufficient, so far as Russia is concerned. Russia did in fact intervene, and, in a campaign which made the battles of the Franco-Prussian war seem somewhat theatrical by comparison, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of Russian lives, and at an immense national sacrifice, did free the Slavs of the Balkans from their Turkish oppressors, including the whole of the three provinces of Macedonia, whose condition we have so fully described.

For more than four months,—from March 3rd to July 13th, 1878,—Macedonia was a free province of independent Bulgaria, in virtue of the treaty of San Stefano, dictated by the victorious Russian armies, almost under the walls of Constantinople, after the splendid and dearly bought victories of the Shipka Pass, Lovcha, Plevna, and finally Sheinovo, where the Turks made their last stand under the shadow of the snow-swept Balkans.

Count Ignatieff, the framer of the treaty of San Stefano,

which was signed on March 3rd, 1878, was one of those who took part in the manoeuvres in the Balkans two months ago; General Kuropatkin, then Chief of the Staff to Skobelev, and now War Minister of Russia, was another. They could have told, and they did tell, of the efforts and sacrifices made by Russia five-and-twenty years ago, in behalf of the Orthodox Slavs of the Balkans, and most of all on behalf of the Bulgarians, whether of the Principality, of Eastern Rumelia, or of Macedonia. To these Bulgarians, all Russian hearts were especially drawn; for Bulgaria is in a signal sense the sacred land of the Orthodox Slavonic race; the Gospels first came to Russia from the Bulgarian apostles, and ancient Bulgarian is still the liturgical language of the Russian Church. Therefore, the Russian people were unanimous in their desire to see all Bulgaria free from oppression, from the Danube to the *Ægean*; and it was the pressure of the popular will,—as effective in autocratic Russia as in the most democratic of Republics,—and by no means the decision of diplomatists, which drove Russia to declare war against Turkey in the summer of 1877. With the recent pageantry before us, in which many of the great battles of that war were once more fought, we need not recall the steps by which the Russian and allied armies marched to victory; it is enough to say that that victory was complete, and that, by the treaty signed at San Stefano, the Bulgarians, from the Danube to the *Ægean*, were set free.

Many of us can recall the wave of Chauvinism in England and the political intrigues in Austria which made that victory of no avail: the apparition of British war-vessels in the Bosphorus, the massing of Mussulman soldiers from India in the Mediterranean depots of the British army; the secret treaty between England and Turkey, whereby the latter paid for protection by surrendering Cyprus; all this forms a chapter of national history which cannot easily be forgotten. Then followed the understanding between England and Austria, and the Berlin Conference, resulting in the treaty of July 13th, which thrust the Bulgarians of Eastern Rumelia and Macedonia once more under the Turkish yoke.

Speaking of the part Great Britain had played in the Crimean War, Lord Salisbury declared, in his cynical way, that he had come to the conclusion that England "had put her money on the wrong horse." With far greater justice, he might have said the same thing of England's action at the Berlin Conference, in

which he himself played such a conspicuous part. It is true that Eastern Rumelia, with its million Bulgarian inhabitants, escaped from the clutches of Turkey seven years after the Berlin Treaty, and that the signatory Powers agreed to connive at this breach of established conditions. But Macedonia still suffers the measureless misery and debasement of Turkish oppression; and the responsibility for this lies, not with Russia, who once set the Macedonian Bulgarians free, and exalted them into a free nationality, but with the Austrian and English Chauvinists who destroyed that nationality, and gave the Macedonians up to the tender mercies of Abdul Hamid and his chosen instruments.

With Macedonia, Crete and Armenia were substantially liberated by Russia in 1878,—and returned to subjection by Austria and England four months later. There has been international action in regard to Armenia, though without much profit, and the Great Powers have intervened in concert to restore good government in Crete. The work of the Berlin Congress has, therefore, been condemned, in both Crete and Armenia, by the stern logic of events; and in Macedonia its action, as we have seen, was not less fatal and destructive. The time is evidently coming soon when the Great Powers must approach the question of Macedonia, as they have already approached that of Crete.

But pending such action by the Powers, and especially by those whose Chauvinism in 1878 has had such dire results, we cannot logically expect Russia to intervene. Therefore, Russia has discouraged all attempts of the Macedonian Committees, acting with the Bulgarian Government, to draw her into the Macedonian controversy. She has done what lay in her power, acting through her consuls, establishing new consulates, exercising pressure on the Sultan, cultivating the warmest and most friendly relations with both Serbia and Bulgaria. But these are only half-effective palliatives; the real cure lies in the liberation of Macedonia, and the responsibility for that cure lies with the two nations, Austria and England, who thrust once liberated Macedonia back again under the iron heel of the Turks.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS IN THE PHILIPPINES AND THE REMEDY.

BY BREWSTER CAMERON, OFFICIAL DELEGATE TO WASHINGTON FROM
THE ALLIED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE OF THE
PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO.

THE great capital of the foreign business houses in the Philippines, ranging from \$1,000,000 to \$15,000,000, gold, and the immense sums they have spent in providing improved facilities for handling the inter-Island trade—such, for instance, as their own lines of steamships and their own lighterage plants and warehouses throughout the Islands—and the fact that one of these foreign houses (as was disclosed in a recent public hearing in Manila) pays \$75,000, gold, per month into the Philippine treasury in customs duties alone, all go to show that our Islands, under normal conditions, will be a fruitful field for American trade and commerce, and that the appeal of the commercial bodies of the Philippines to Congress should receive the thoughtful consideration not only of Senators and Representatives, but of the whole American people.

We hope to make it plain that the legislation we desire will not be in any degree prejudicial to any interest of the people of the United States. Having no selfish interest to subserve, we seek only such legislation as will promote alike the welfare of the people of this country and of the Philippines. Our movement is intended to benefit all of the people of the Philippines, natives and foreigners, by upbuilding the business interests of the Islands, in which prosperity we all hope to share. While we do not desire to pose as philanthropists, we do desire to state, with the greatest emphasis, that the success or failure of our appeal to Congress for the amendment of certain restrictive laws, will count more for good or evil to the Filipinos who live by labor, than the success

or failure of any other industrial movement ever undertaken for their welfare.

To promote the permanent welfare of the Philippines it is necessary, first, that we should have an absolutely stable currency; second, that there should be some further temporary reduction of the Dingley tariff; and, third, that the Philippine Act of Congress should be amended in certain important particulars.

First of all, we need a stable currency. The Mexican dollar, which is now the unit of value, fluctuates in price every day. The Philippine government has already directly lost over \$1,000,000, gold, in the fluctuations of the Mexican dollar. In addition to this, the indirect losses to the government are variously estimated at from \$100,000 to \$250,000. And these losses, large as they are, are small in comparison with the losses that have been sustained by the business and commercial interests through that cause.

When the government changed the ratio between the Mexican dollar and the gold dollar from 2 to 1, to the ratio of 2.10 and later 2.27 to 1, the merchants suffered great losses on goods previously sold to the Philippine government, to be paid for in Mexican silver at the official ratio at time of delivery of the goods from America. These large and continued losses to our merchants compelled them to increase their silver prices to the government and to private customers beyond all reasonable profits, in anticipation of the further great depreciation of silver, so that all of the business of the Archipelago, excepting the transactions that can be completed on the very day, must be done on a gambling basis.

The result is that no goods are now being imported, other than those required to fill orders firm in hand. The conservative business houses that formerly carried large stocks of goods have been letting them run lower and lower. Prices have been advancing, accordingly, under the inevitable law of supply and demand. A stable currency is the only relief from this deplorable condition of affairs, which is being misconstrued by the natives as a conspiracy to increase the cost of the necessities of life to the poor.

As a concrete example of innumerable individual losses, a prominent lumberman and contractor in Manila took a contract to build a hospital for a stipulated price in Mexican silver, to be paid upon the completion of the work. During the time necessarily occupied in the construction of the building, the depreciation of Mexican silver was so great that he lost \$22,000, Mexican.

The facts in this case, which is not an extreme one, fairly illustrate the peril that besets every business in the Philippines to-day, through a fluctuating currency. We need the gold standard. Is there any reason why we should not have it? What possible advantage can come to the people of the United States from exposing the business interests of the Philippines any longer to the perils and losses that are incident to a fluctuating currency?

It is variously estimated that the losses to the business and commercial interests of the Islands, through the fluctuations of the currency, have been from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. But this is not the only, nor perhaps the greatest, damage that will result to the people of the Islands, from the depreciation of Mexican silver. The poor natives in the provinces who are engaged in agricultural pursuits, the people upon whose contentment and prosperity the welfare of the Islands depends, are unable to reconcile the benevolent purposes of our national Congress, which Governor Taft has proclaimed throughout the Islands, with a financial policy that has depreciated the value of their money, thereby depriving them of the rewards of their toil. They argue that even the Spanish government did not thus depreciate the earnings of their labor, but maintained a fairly stable currency.

Every consideration of trade and commerce, political expediency and national honor demands that Congress should give a stable currency to the Philippines. The fact that this can be done without risk or responsibility to the United States aggravates the injustice of denying this blessing to the Filipino people.

It is not possible or necessary here to outline the details of the plan that has been agreed upon by the Philippine Commission and the allied Chambers of Commerce, after consultations with the Filipino business men. For the information of those who have the time to make a study of the matter, it is fully set out in the report of the Secretary of War for 1901, pages 176-289, which embodies the voluminous reports of the Philippine Commission and Mr. Conant, the financial expert sent to the Islands by the Secretary of War to examine into the subject.

We assume that American interest in the development of the Philippines must surely cause some anxiety lest the Islands should meet with the disaster that sooner or later befalls every country that has a fluctuating currency. For that reason, we count with confidence upon the cordial support of Senators and Representa-

tives in Congress; and, having observed that the members of Congress, without regard to party, have manifested an unselfish desire to uplift the Filipino people, the members of the American Chamber of Commerce of Manila, who are members of both of the great political parties of the United States, have indulged the hope that there may be no objection, by any man or party in our national Congress, to speedily granting our prayer for such a stable currency as has given a stupendous impetus to every business interest in the United States.

The second need of the Philippines is a large temporary reduction of the Dingley tariff. This reduction is not asked for on the ground that the Islands are an American possession, but on the higher plea of humanity and mercy. This appeal is now being made to Congress, because millions of the Filipinos have recently been visited with one of the greatest afflictions that have ever befallen any agricultural people. The catastrophe which overwhelmed Martinique, while infinitely more tragic, is small in comparison with the miseries that will result from the rinderpest plague to the poor natives who live by agricultural labor, if Congress should deny this prayer to the Filipino people.

Owing to the disasters that have befallen the Islands, in the form of plague and impending famine, there should immediately be granted, as proposed in the bill which has passed the House of Representatives, a reduction of the tariff to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley duties. During the next four years, the Philippine planters can grow but little, so that the utmost production during that time could not materially affect any article grown in the United States. The chief gain to the Islands in the reduction of the Dingley tariff now, would be in the encouragement it would give to our planters to make whatever sacrifice might be necessary to restock their plantations, thus providing labor for thousands of suffering people, who, within the past year, have been thrown out of work on the plantations by the wholesale destruction of the carabao or Philippine ox, through the rinderpest plague. Unless this reduction of the tariff is now made, those who are most familiar with the present deplorable agricultural conditions in the Philippines, apprehend great distress, if not actual famine.

While we do not ask Congress to admit the products of the Philippine Islands into free competition with the products of the United States, we cannot see that any possible injury could result

to the farmers of the United States from permitting the free entry into this country of those Philippine products of which the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, and Porto Rico do not altogether produce the full amount that the people of the States consume.

To encourage the agricultural and industrial development of the Philippines, the tariff should be immediately removed from all American machinery imported into the Islands for those purposes. It is an unfortunate fact that the Philippine tariff on all American products cannot be removed at this time. It is maintained solely because the Philippine government cannot exist without it. We regret its necessity. We are eagerly looking forward to the time when it can be repealed. That time can be immeasurably hastened by Congress, through the amendment of certain laws to which I shall now refer.

The third need of the Islands is the immediate repeal of certain provisions of the Philippine Act which have operated to prevent the rehabilitation of the agricultural interests. We believe that Congress will amend that act as soon as the fact is made plain that the planters and land-owners can find no relief, because of its severe restrictions.

It is estimated that ninety-five per cent. of the Filipinos who live by labor are engaged or employed in agricultural pursuits. Whatever laws, therefore, affect agriculture, favorably or otherwise, affect the very existence of the whole Filipino people.

In a few words let us state the trouble and the remedy. Not only have the Filipino land-owners and the Filipino laborers been impoverished by an exhausting war, but they have met a tenfold greater calamity through the rinderpest. This plague has destroyed ninety per cent. of the carabao, or water buffalo, which is to the Filipino farmer what the horse, the mule and the ox together are to the American farmer. To indicate the appalling consequences of this loss, not only to the land-owners, but to the Filipinos who live by employment as farm laborers, it is only necessary to state some specific facts.

A Filipino business house in the City of Manila owns several plantations. On one of these plantations they have for years employed 30,000 Filipino laborers. The plantation produced among other things 200,000 piculs (of 137 lbs. each) of sugar annually. They had 12,000 carabaos, male and female, of which all but fifty were swept away within the past year. It is difficult

to measure the loss resulting from a plague, when its ravages on a single plantation thus throw 30,000 people out of employment.

Prior to the passage of the Philippine Act, the owners of this plantation could have mortgaged it (75,000 acres) to a corporation for the money required to restock it with carabaos; but, as the Philippine Act limits the holdings of any corporation to 2,500 acres, it is now impossible for the owners to do so. Carabaos are now worth about seventy-five dollars, in gold, owing to the great demand. This makes each animal worth from three to five acres of land, according to their fertility and location. During Spanish times, carabaos on this plantation were only worth about ten dollars, in gold.

Under the most favorable circumstances, with laws encouraging to agriculture, it will require approximately five years fully to revive the agricultural industry. Under the present law, which has paralyzed every agricultural interest in the Islands, the development of the Philippines will be indefinitely delayed.

The present law, as stated above, limits the ownership of land by corporations to 2,500 acres. It is known to every one who has made even a superficial study of the business that a 2,500-acre plantation will not furnish enough cane to operate economically a modern sugar-milling plant. Under the operations of this unfortunate law, men who are rich in lands, but without money, have been unable to get corporate interests to equip their plantations with modern sugar plants. Thus it will be seen that this law, which was enacted by Congress with the benevolent purpose of protecting the Filipino people against the selfish exploitation of the Philippines, has been the unfortunate cause of bringing the laborers who have been employed for years in sugar fields to the very verge of famine. It has not only prevented the legitimate development of the Islands, such as the reclamation of virgin lands, which would have given additional employment to laborers, but it has, by its severe restrictions, made it impossible for the planter who suffers some great loss, such as the death of his carabaos, to pledge more than 2,500 acres, no matter how large his plantation may be, as security to any corporation that would loan him the money to buy a new equipment. Thus the owner of every plantation that suffers a serious loss must see his lands revert to a tropical wilderness, unless he has a bank account sufficiently large to repair the loss, whether it be in animals or equipment.

The first misfortune of this law fell on native labor, whom it was designed to help; the next to suffer were the planters, who were chiefly Filipinos; and, finally, in preventing the reclamation and development of lands suitable for growing sugar, it greatly retarded the general trade and commerce of the Islands.

This act of Congress, limiting the holdings of corporations in the Philippines to 2,500 acres, was doubtless intended to prevent corporate bodies from acquiring title to large tracts of public land for speculative purposes. It is vital to the welfare of all the people of the Islands that no corporation or individual should be permitted to purchase and hold unimproved a large body of land, but this result can be even better attained by a law that will not retard the agricultural development of the Islands. For example, the law might provide that a corporation applying for title to a tract of public land in excess of 2,500 acres should be required, first, to satisfy the Philippine Commission that the additional acreage is absolutely necessary to the purposes of their business; second, to reclaim and plant say one-fifth of such additional area each year, until the entire tract has been brought under cultivation; and, third, to bring the whole tract under cultivation before final title passes from the government. This would not only prevent any speculation in public lands to the injury of future generations, but it would give immediate employment to labor by encouraging the development of the country, so vital at this time to the prosperity, happiness, contentment and peace of the people.

It is a misfortune not only to the Filipino people, but to the people of the United States, that any law should indefinitely delay the agricultural and industrial development of the Philippines; and corporations have become such an essential element in conducting large business affairs in modern times that it is impossible to secure the necessary amount of capital to develop the Islands except through corporations.

A time will surely come when the American people will want the customs tariff removed from all American products going into the Philippines. The income derived from that tariff is now necessary to support the Philippine government. It will continue to be necessary so long as the present restrictive laws make it impossible for the business men of the Islands to create a new source of wealth for taxation. If Congress will so amend these

restrictive laws that it may be possible to develop the agricultural and industrial wealth of the Islands, we shall soon be able to defray all the expenses of the Philippine government from the income derived from the internal taxation. Then the Philippine tariff can be removed from American products; then the foreign merchants who now purchase their goods in Europe will buy them in the United States.

Many thoughtful people in the Philippines believe it to be to the highest welfare of the Filipino people that the internal affairs of the Archipelago should be controlled by the Philippine Commission.

We yield to none in our admiration for the American Congress, or its individual members whose long and illustrious services have given our national Congress an envied place among the legislative bodies of the world. But we, nevertheless, believe that the Philippine Commission, being on the ground, and having acquired a more or less intimate knowledge of the Asiatic temperament and character, and having a thorough knowledge of local conditions and needs, and being composed of able, honest, patriotic men, can legislate more effectively for the Filipino people, in all matters affecting their internal affairs, than a legislative body ten thousand miles away, even of the best and wisest of men.

Without coming into constant personal contact with the Filipino people, which Congress cannot do, it will be impossible for our National legislature to keep in that close touch with the ever-changing conditions in the Philippines, which is so necessary to the prompt enactment of wise laws to meet special emergencies.

The success of our government in the Philippines will depend upon the ability of the Commission to gain and retain the full confidence and co-operation of the Filipino people, a most difficult thing to do. This being true, the Commission should be clothed with the broadest powers, so as to be able to do promptly whatever the welfare of the Filipinos imperatively demands. If deemed advisable, Congress might provide that the vote of the Commission should be unanimous whenever they exercise extraordinary powers, so as to require the assent of the three Filipino members of the Commission. It would add immensely to the usefulness of the Commission if it had supreme power to enact all legislation affecting local matters, subject to the power in the President or in Congress to suspend or annul.

One year ago events had not perhaps sufficiently advanced to

have justified Congress in giving this power to the Commission, but since then the insurrection has been crushed and civil government has been established throughout the Archipelago. The Commission has meantime greatly increased its hold upon the affections of the Filipinos. By its unswerving devotion to high ideals of duty, the Commission has won the implicit confidence even of those who from the first insisted that civil government was doomed to failure, because it had been instituted too soon.

Governor Taft has won the friendship of the Filipinos by toleration for their weaknesses, patience with their vices, forgiveness for their offences; by innumerable proofs of his affection for the natives, and his sincere desire to help them to better things, to encourage them to higher ideals; by his assured belief that the Filipinos are a capable people, who need only to be patiently taught "the art of wise self-government" to fit them to ultimately rule themselves.

The Governor has won the confidence of the Americans and Europeans, not only by the fact that his own high office has been conducted in such a manner as to deserve all praise, but by making fidelity to public duty the cardinal doctrine of his administration; by exercising such care in the selection of judges, chiefs of bureaus, and other high officers, as to make the civil service of the Philippines a matter of national pride and congratulation.

Every business man in the Islands, rich or poor, has equal opportunities before the departments, equal rights before the law.

The efficiency of the customs, for example, is disclosed by the official records, which show that the collections at the Port of Manila are made at less cost than at ports in the United States where the customs receipts are approximately the same.

And in the collection and disbursement of the Philippine government funds during the last fiscal year, there has been a smaller percentage of loss through default than in the United States.

The Governor departed from the rule which exists in the United States of letting each department or bureau purchase its own supplies, by appointing one Purchasing Agent for the whole Philippine government. The wisdom of this change was doubted by some of us, through fear of an abuse of power; but the Governor was either wise or fortunate enough to select an Insular Purchasing Agent who has discharged that great trust with singular ability and without the breath of scandal.

The General Superintendent of Public Instruction, who recently resigned, has done a work that will endure. Foreseeing that it was impossible to secure unity of thought or purpose among the Filipino people, so long as they were broken into fragments through the use of innumerable languages and dialects, his first act was to make English the language of instruction in the schools. His next act was to select as Superintendent of the Normal School a practical educator, a man of scholarly attainments and good executive ability, to train an efficient corps of native teachers. A small army of these Filipino teachers are now being brought to such a gratifying state of efficiency that the value of the work of the Superintendent of the Normal School has been second only in importance to the work of the General Superintendent himself. The progress made in English by the native teachers and normal students cannot be realized by one who has not visited these schools. In recognition of the results of his work this Superintendent of the Normal School has since been promoted to the position of General Superintendent of Public Instruction. It is quite certain that, within five years, far more natives will speak English than learned to speak Spanish during the four centuries of Spanish rule in the Islands.

The Commission has established other bureaus of importance to the government and the people. The most important of all to the natives is the Bureau of Agriculture, which is ably conducted by practical agriculturists of large experience in tropical countries. On the government's experimental farms, where modern methods and modern machinery are being introduced under the personal observation of practical native farmers, a work is being done that will add vastly to the wealth of the Islands and to the prosperity and happiness of the people.

It seems almost an invidious distinction thus to single out a few matters for favorable mention where so many others deserve high praise. The truth is that Governor Taft's claim to public gratitude does not rest on a few notable achievements. The history of his whole administration is a brilliant record of a great work faithfully done.

BREWSTER CAMERON.

THE KING OF ITALY.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

THERE are to-day two monarchs in Europe of whom all things may be hoped and little said. Alphonso XIII. of Spain is one of them; the King of Italy is the other. Both are young, both wield an immensity of power which may save or destroy their kingdoms; both are seated on thrones that are only half secure, and have to grapple with problems that are as menacing as they are insistent; and both are still largely unknown quantities, to their subjects as well as to the outside world of eager onlookers. In neither case is there much that one may go upon with any confidence. Alphonso, in spite of the precocity natural in princes, has not yet found himself, is still in the making, and may turn out anything or nothing. Victor Emmanuel is thirty-three, and his character, did we but know what it was, must by now have taken a definite shape. But he has been only a little over two years on the throne, two years of comparative uneventfulness, and he lived as Prince of Naples behind a veil that was rarely lifted by others and never by himself. Even Italians do not profess to be sure what manner of man their ruler may be. There is, of course, the disposition to hope everything from a new king, especially in a country where the parliamentary system has lost what little prestige it ever had, and the monarch, if he chooses, may rule as well as reign.

The time of trial that will really test him is still to come. There are, however, signs and a few detached incidents out of which may be built some sort of estimate of the man. The evidence, though meagre and largely presumptive, is still interesting; and interesting in a way that seems to justify the hope that deeds will corroborate it. Italy being what she is, by deeds and deeds alone will her King be weighed. Leadership, initiative, the ability to "put things through," are what are required of him.

The King's infancy and boyhood were passed in studious ill-health. Queen Margherita, herself one of the most cultured ladies in Italy, took charge from the first of his education, and possibly drove him too hard. At any rate, his health suffered to a degree that alarmed even his easy-going father. King Humbert had spent his youth in the saddle, had fought for Italian unity, and was the only monarch in Europe who could show a scar received on the field of battle. For his son to grow up a nervous, impressionable boy, averse to open-air life, and absorbed in his books as though he were qualifying for a professorship, was a development so far from welcome to the stout-hearted Savoyard that it stirred him out of his constitutional inertia into action. He interfered decisively, confiscated the books, and almost drove his son out-of-doors, there to ride and shoot and yacht and harden himself. The change has done its work. Victor Emmanuel III., though neither so tall nor so muscular as his father and grandfather, has the wiriness and endurance that belong to the House of Savoy. He can sit for hours in the saddle without feeling fatigued, and he has the rarer capacity for going long without food. Years of ocean life and hard exercise on shore have dispelled the fear, at one time not unjustified, that he might fall a victim to consumption. It was not only his studious habits that gave his father some disquietude. He showed as a youth a haughtiness and self-will even more alien to King Humbert's nature, and was frequently punished for his escapades by being put under arrest and banished to lonely fortresses. Even as late as 1896, just before his marriage, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, he was sentenced by his father to a month's confinement for upbraiding Crispi. In the army, which he entered at eighteen, he made himself felt as a keen, if bookish, soldier, and an exacting disciplinarian. But both court and people agreed in thinking him of little account. A student-prince, who is also undersized and frail-looking, is never a popular prince. The masses do not care to hear details of the royal progress in mathematics, and they always seem to think that a prince who is really capable must also be a paladin in externals, an impressive, martial figure, like the late Emperor Frederick. They like a prince at least to "look the part," even if he cannot act it. The Prince of Naples scarcely did the first, and they therefore jumped to the notion that he could not do the second.

The Prince did nothing to alter what he must have known to be the general impression. He deliberately courted the shadows, never put himself forward, never advertised himself, as a prince may without offence, never interfered in politics. His private tastes and hobbies seemed to engross him utterly, and even in these directions he appeared out of touch with his future subjects. His favorite pastime was and still is coin-collecting. He is one of the first numismatists in Europe, and his collection of over twenty thousand coins ranks among the finest in the world. But this is not the sort of hobby that moves the popular imagination. Neither is electricity. No one felt stirred to extra loyalty when he heard that the Prince of Naples had turned one of his rooms in the Quirinal into a chemical laboratory, and was there experimenting with X-rays and the application of electricity to light, motive power, sound, and photography. Such avocations struck people as professional to a most unkingly degree. Nor did the Prince try to atone for them by lending himself to public pageantry. On the contrary, he took every opportunity of getting out of Italy. His yacht was constantly in commission, and one heard of him now in the Mediterranean, now taking a trip in Morocco, now spending months in the Far East—always, so report said, accompanied by stacks of books through which he diligently ploughed. He never travelled in state, but as quietly and with as little ceremony as though he had been a mere nobody.

Naturally enough, the public could make nothing of such a prince. It thought him, to speak candidly, rather a fool; first, because he preferred staying behind the scenes when he might have been in the centre of the stage; secondly, because he did nothing to make headway against the manifold influences that, thanks to his father's weakness and the incapacity or timidity of his ministers, threatened the stability of the throne itself. Once only did he break from his retirement and assert himself in politics. The disaster of Adowa, when seven thousand Italians were slaughtered by Menelek's army, under the guidance, as is believed, of French and Russian officers, sent the Crown-Prince hurrying to his father's side. He found the King closeted with Crispi, and then and there, in the presence of the King, he dealt out to the veteran intriguer a quite merciless tongue-lashing, ending in a demand for his dismissal. King Humbert sentenced his son to a month's confinement in a fortress, but Crispi was dis-

missed, and for the first time the Prince of Naples found a transient popularity with the masses. He emerged once more in this same year of 1896 to marry Princess Hélène of Montenegro, the "daughter of a strong race," as he afterwards described her in his first speech to Parliament.

They had met for the first time at Moscow during the Czar's coronation festivities. Princess Hélène must have watched that ceremony with some confusion of feeling. But for a turn of the wheel, she might have been one of the two central figures in it. Alexander III., who used to call her father his only friend in Europe, had destined her as the wife of his eldest son, the present Czar. Nicholas II., however, was unexpectedly not to be dictated to in such matters. He fell in love on his own account with Princess Alix of Hesse, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and a Protestant. There was an immense commotion among the royal match-makers, and Nicholas was packed off on a tour round the world to cure him of his whim. The old trick failed, as it had failed before. He returned more devoted than ever, and Princess Hélène went back to her father's court at Cettinje. She was destined, however, to be a queen, after all. Her betrothal to Prince Victor was announced a few weeks after their first meeting. There were no politics in it, though it has had political results in drawing the Russian and Italian courts together in bonds of the friendliest intimacy.

These, practically, were the only two public appearances of the heir-apparent before he was suddenly called upon to ascend the throne; and when one reflects how utterly popular estimates of princes are at fault, even when they mix freely in social and public life, one is not inclined to judge the Italians harshly if they failed to see Prince Victor as he really was. They did not know—how could they?—that beneath his quiet, unimpressive exterior a strong will was being forged and an alert intelligence trained against the hour of his country's need. They did not know that this reserved little man was watching things from afar, silently, but with a thorough sweep; or that in his background of refined leisure he was gathering the invaluable outside point of view. They hardly suspected that in his studies there might be a serious purpose, or that when he travelled he was other than a fortunately placed sight-seer. They did not even guess that on all he saw this young Prince was turning a quick and questioning eye, was

seeing and thinking for himself, was collecting something more valuable than rare coins, was developing that peculiar faculty, of which Goethe frankly boasted, that enables a man to learn something from everybody.

Outside of Italy the significance of King Humbert's assassination has been rather missed. The tragedy of Monza was the murder of a monarch, but it was the salvation of the monarchy. What said Giovanni Bovio, the great philosopher and leader of the Republican party in the Chamber?—"The crime of Bresci may have shortened the reign of King Humbert by ten years, but it has added perhaps two centuries to the monarchy." That may be even an under-statement of the truth. There are many Italians who believe that Bresci saved Italy from an almost immediate civil war, which might have pulled down the House of Savoy in one wild *débâcle*. Over-taxed, hungry, utterly disillusionized, the nation was plunging towards the edge of the precipice when the bloody dagger interposed to sober and save it. How and why the fair hopes of the *risorgimento* had come to such a pass, it would take too long to explain. But one, and not the least important, of the contributory causes was the character of King Humbert himself. He had courage, but it was all wholly physical and personal. He was a dashing cavalry leader, and showed the true spirit of the House of Savoy on the battle-field and in the cholera hospitals. But politically he made himself a mere figure-head of the state. Except in arranging and upholding the Triple Alliance and in keeping the army up to the mark, he went out of his way to efface himself. He had, it was said, "constitutionalism on the brain." A fatalist by nature, nothing could move him to the point of self-assertion in domestic affairs. "*Vogliamo Re Umberto assoluto*," cried out all that was law abiding in Italy—"We want King Humbert, and Humbert an absolute monarch,"—but the cry was so much wasted breath. The imperturbable and immovable decision with which King Humbert did nothing was the one strong point in his character. He watched disaffection spread out into open rebellion, saw Parliament falling year by year into disrepute and uselessness, and Socialism and Republicanism menacing the throne itself—and yet kept neutral, passive, seemingly unconcerned. He tried to reign and yet not to rule, and, unhappily for Italy, he succeeded. The trend of the age is not against kings, but only against

fainéant kings. King Humbert never realized this, and that is why, chivalrous, stout-hearted gentleman though he was, his reign must be written down a failure.

His son, there can now be no question, saw the flaws of both reasoning and character that made such an attitude possible, and had, one supposes, resolved that when his time came the country should at least never have reason to call him Victor Emmanuel Do-Nothing. The people, of course, were far from suspecting any such resolve. To them he was still much of an enigma and more of a weakling. It was the poignancy of the occasion, and not the man himself, that gave interest to his début. But before he had spoken five minutes he had conquered the misunderstandings of years. The past almost ceased to exist as in confident ringing tones he pointed masterfully to the future and called on Italy to follow him. Even now, one cannot read that speech without a quickened pulse. It was a splendid scene. In the great hall of Montecitorio, standing before a brilliant concourse of princes, ambassadors, nobles, ministers, senators, and deputies, who were watching with well-concealed weariness what they expected to be a mere formal ceremony, the young King read out his speech—his own speech in very truth, as the first sentence convinced them all. This was no amiable concoction of ministers; the King was speaking his own thoughts, making his own pledges.

“Sacred was the word of the magnanimous Carlo Alberto who granted liberty, sacred that of my great ancestor who accomplished the union of Italy, sacred also the word of my august father, who in every act of his life showed himself worthy heir of the virtues of ‘Padre della Patria.’ Splendor and grace were lent to the work of my father by my august and venerable mother, who planted in my heart and imprinted on my mind feelings of princely and Italian duty. Even thus to my work will be joined that of my august consort, who, born of a strong race, will dedicate herself entirely to the country of her adoption. . . . May Monarchy and Parliament go hand in hand. . . . Unabashed and steadfast, I ascend the throne, conscious of my rights and of my duties as a King. Let Italy have faith in me, as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human force shall destroy that which with such self-sacrifice our fathers builded. It is necessary to keep watch and to employ every living force to guard intact the great conquests of unity and of liberty. The serenest trust in our liberal charter will never fail me, and I shall not be wanting, either in strong initiative or in energy of action in vigorously defending our glorious institutions, precious heritage from our great dead. Brought up in the love of religion and of the father-

land, I take God to witness of my promise that from this day forward I offer my heart, my mind, my life, to the grandeur of our land."

Brave and stirring words, with such overwhelming response of cheers and weeping and wild tumult of cries as to be at times almost inaudible, the young King emphasizing his earnestness by a dig now and then with his scabbard, but otherwise showing an impenetrable, collected face, masking the stern elation of his heart. On the morrow Italy had but one phrase in which to give her verdict—"The master has come." Such vibrant notes of decision and resoluteness had not been heard in the Peninsula since the days of Charles Albert of Sardinia and the great Victor Emmanuel.

Nor were they to be the last in the same strain. In a speech that followed shortly after, he said:

"In Italy, no man does his duty. From the highest to the lowest the *laissez faire* and laxity are complete. Now it is to the accomplishment of their several duties that all, without distinction, must be called. I begin with myself, and am trying to do my duty conscientiously and with love. This must serve as an example and a spur to others. My ministers must help me in everything. They must promise nothing that they cannot certainly perform; they must not create illusions. Him who fulfils his duty, braving every danger, even death, I shall consider the best citizen."

Again one seems to catch in this the accent of the inevitable leader.

But do his actions accord with his clear-edged words? They do. He began well by calling to power the veteran Liberal, Signor Zanardelli. That in itself was a proof that repression and revenge were not to be his policy, and that when he spoke of reform he meant it. He went on to reorganize and considerably reduce the royal household; he made thorough inspections of the public institutions and military depots in Naples and Rome, praising and blaming as seemed right; he broke down the barrier that formerly kept King and politicians apart, and now he gives audience to public men once every day; he took from the first an active share in cabinet councils, and has done all in his power to stimulate and brace up his ministers. It was by his personal intervention that the excavations in the Forum are now being continued. It was he who saved the Vittorio Emanuele Library, the glory of Rome, with its 360,000 volumes and 5,000 priceless

manuscripts, from being crippled by a cheese-paring minister. It was his influence that probed the Casale trial to its depths of infamy, that insisted on the Mafia and its archleader, Palizzolo, being brought to justice. To him and his energy and inflexible sense of duty it is largely due that reform is no longer in the air, but on the statute-book, that a beginning is being made towards an impartial administration of the laws.

We may therefore judge Victor Emmanuel III. to be a really strong King, who will not only lead, but control, who will not hesitate to command when suggestions fail, and who will see to it that his commands are obeyed. And a strong King of Italy, as wise as his best advisers, irremovable, and armed with that magic power of propulsion which is one of the attributes of royalty, might be the most efficient of premiers. He is the working head of the army and navy; he can select any man for minister he chooses, and practically compel him to resign; he can dissolve or prorogue Parliament at discretion; he can personally insist that no criminal be pardoned; he can appeal directly in his own name to his people; and whenever order is menaced he can issue decrees that have the force of law. He has, in short, the combined powers of an American President and an English premier, and he holds them for life, with this further advantage, that no Italian Parliament would for a moment oppose the will of a popular, visibly efficient ruler. This is an immense amount of authority to be vested in one man, but it would really seem that Victor Emmanuel, by his breadth of comprehensive sympathy and insight, his serious cultivation, his manly and determined temperament, is worthy to wield it. So dramatically complete is the conquest he has won over his subjects, that the half-despised Prince of three years ago is now the sheet-anchor of the nation's best hopes. A colossal task lies ahead of him, to equalize taxation without reducing revenue, to foster education, to see that justice is done in deed as well as in name, to bring meaning and vitality back into public life, local as well as national, to steer a safe course between the Clericals on the one side and the Socialists on the other, and to guide and uplift the country through a new and more lasting *risorgimento*, of which his own efficiency is perhaps the surest pledge.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

You did not think, who blindly were forsworn
In alien arms, that I might come some day
And greet you from the first dawn of my youth,
Clean and unsullied by a worldly chance.
You did not dream once in those hot bright dreams,
When earth so madly called you from the height,
And your soul answered, stumbling down the path,
That you might wake one day, and you might crave
Another soul as fair as once you were.
You did not think to keep yourself withdrawn
From things that soil, that one day you might look
With equal courage into equal eyes.
You did not think of this when self besought
The gifts of selfishness, nor dared to spurn
The contumacious alms you paid your soul
To keep its silence.

Then, as morning light
Comes to a night of tempest,—thus you say—
I came. My path led close beside your own;
You stretched your arms and plead with eloquent eyes—
I knew not then the uses of your eyes,
What they had charmed, nor how, nor when, nor where.
To me they seemed the eyes of chivalry,
Of all that I had loved in union blent.
They drew me no less surely than your arms,—
I knew not then what others these had held.
Knew! I knew nothing! Maiden solitude
Had never brooded deeper than had mine,
Rapt in the contemplation of a world

Serenely good. Nay, listen, I'll not weep;
I am too sad for tears; their time is past.

Well, thus I came, unquestioning; and thus
You loved me, as a young and saving grace
Borne from far heaven to lift your spirit up
And teach you new philosophies of life—
A pool where you might bathe and wash you white.
And I—God help me!—loved you as the rare
Bloom of my life; the ultimate good of things;
The crown of all—my husband; blushing even
To speak the name, so sacred seemed the sound
To the child-soul of the incipient woman.
Then, passing all the rest, the pride, the hope,
The exquisite trust, the simple hidden faith
In worshipping you—aye, there I sinned indeed,
For true it is, in thinking thus of you
I thought less of my God: a costly fault,
As later I have learned in weary pain.

Then, after this fresh happiness had passed
Into a calmer joy, one day you paused
Beside me, and, with strange-accounted words
That needed some translation to my ear,
You told me of the others you had loved;
Told me the ancient story of the world;
Told me the inmost secret of your past,
And spared me nothing, not a single lash
Of the enscorpioned whip that struck me dumb.
I rose up, you remember. It was night,
And darker night within my stricken soul.
I rose and looked at you when you had done,
Nor knew the pain you smothered with your words:
(I told you I knew nothing. 'Twas in me
The ignorance of my virtue, as in you
The ignorance had been sin—I know not why).
I looked, but could not speak. I went away
To hide myself, to hide the shame your own
Had put on me, your wife, your second self,
Your—there's the wound—your very worshipper.

From then, even as you say I have been changed;
Yet you were brave in the confessional,
And I not brave. I dreamed alone for hours,
And moaned a thousand times you had not kept
Your heart unsullied for my special shrine;
Shut your face out, cried often unto God
To know why you were you, and I was I,
Or some such infant-prattling in His ears.
And when the strain was over, came out pale,
And trembled in your arms, and saw your eyes
Were full of tears I had not seen before,
And felt my heart slow melting against yours—
You cried out at my kisses, "they were cold."
I pressed you closer. Was it pity or love
That surged into my soul? I do not know.
Yet all these years it has sufficed; for Love
Has infinite vistas, and through aisles of stars
Moves, humbly, toward the eternal Altar Light.

Now leave me, love; I weary, and would rest.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

PHILLIPS BROOKS: AN ESTIMATION.

BY THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D., LL.D.

MR. BRYCE'S study of "The American Commonwealth" has been styled a full-length portrait of a great nation. Professor Allen's "Life of Phillips Brooks" deserves to be called the full-length portrait of a great personality. It is more than a life-size picture, and it ought to be. It is colossal, monumental; only so could it be a true representation. In physical stature, Phillips Brooks overlooked the multitude; intellectually and morally, his proportions were no less exceptional. To tell the story of the development of such a character required large room, because there was much to tell, and little had been told. Few men have occupied so large a space in public attention about whose inner life so little was known. Mr. Allen says that, in his college days:

"He was marked by a profound reserve. He would not talk of himself or reveal his utmost thoughts. He had many friends; he was greatly admired; his favor and friendship were counted by many as a prize. Something of the feeling which showed itself in later years in the extravagance of devotion already existed. But to know him intimately was impossible. When efforts were made to draw him out they invariably ended in failure. He appeared to be frankness and simplicity, but the inner citadel of his being was in his own possession. * * * This characteristic reserve, which remained unbroken through his life, might seem to call for some explanation. It was the symbol, at least, of a great personality, capable of standing alone and facing the world, when the time should come, in independence and freedom."

So it was that Phillips Brooks lived and died. Perhaps this very power of veiling from the vulgar gaze "the abysmal deeps of personality" was one of the traits which gave him so strong a hold upon human hearts. A divinity whose nature we could explore, we could not worship. At all events, the revelation of this man was never made during his lifetime. Those to

whom his words have been medicine and food and light and music have always found in him much that was remote and mysterious. Yet that inner history was fully written by the only one who could have written it, and this book spreads it before us, without any violation of sacred confidences; so that we are now able to know Phillips Brooks more intimately than we know almost any man who has lived. Few things which have fallen to the lot of the writers of this generation have been better worth doing, and Professor Allen has done it adequately. No intelligent student of the Christian religion—certainly, no minister of the gospel—can afford to leave this book unread, can even afford merely to borrow it. Better do without newspapers, novels and commentaries for a year than fail to possess it.

Dr. Holmes's well-worn saying, that the education of a child ought to begin a hundred years before he is born, is more than fulfilled in the record of Phillips Brooks. The Phillipses and the Brookses, whose blood commingled in his veins, were among the elect of New England. The first American Phillips was the Reverend George, who came in 1630, with Governor Winthrop, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and the rest, in the ship "Arbella," from Norfolk County, England, to Massachusetts Bay. He was an English University man, and had separated from the English Church, of which he had formerly been a member; he was a radical Congregationalist, and became pastor of the church at Watertown, adjoining Cambridge on the west. The race of Phillipses which sprang from this root produced many graduates of Harvard, and most of these were ministers, though now and then one of them dropped into trade, and a good share of the wealth thus accumulated was devoted to the purposes of the higher education, as witness the two most famous academies of New England, Phillips Academy of Andover, and Phillips Academy of Exeter, as well as the great Theological Seminary at Andover, founded and maintained by members of this family.

The first of the Brookses—who spelled his name Brooke, and was baptized Thomas—arrived in Massachusetts Bay not long after 1630, and soon became a resident of Watertown and a parishioner of the Rev. George Phillips. Thus, the two families began life in America together; but the Brookses soon went further west, to Concord; and the divergent streams did not again commingle until the last generation. The Brooks family was less

scholastic than the Phillips family; there were fewer Harvard graduates and Congregational ministers among them; to a larger degree they were men of affairs; one of them was Governor of Massachusetts for seven years. One ancestor of Phillips Brooks, the Rev. Edward Brooks, became a minister in the days when New England Calvinism was first challenged by the Arminian protest, and Edward Brooks found himself among the protestants, for which cause he was courteously requested by his parishioners to depart from among them. In the best of temper he laid down his charge, beseeching God's blessing upon his people, and betaking himself to the service of his country, in which, during the Revolution, he took an active part on land and sea.

With these two ancestral streams much good blood had been mingled in their progress through the generations; the Phillipses had been invigorated by alliance with Emersons and Whites, and Foxcrofts and Gorhams; and the Brookses had been reinforced by Boylstons and Browns, and, most notable of all, by a direct inheritance of the life of the man who, next to Governor Winthrop, was the most conspicuous figure in the Massachusetts Colony, the Rev. John Cotton. The great-granddaughter of John Cotton was the great-grandmother of Phillips Brooks.

It is evident, therefore, that when William Gray Brooks and Mary Ann Phillips were married, in 1833, in North Andover, Mass., and took up their abode in Boston, Dr. Holmes's recipe for the education of children had, in their case, been abundantly complied with. If there is anything in heredity the children born to them ought to have begun life with the best prospects of sound and strong manhood. It was a great heritage. We have no right to try to explain Phillips Brooks without taking it into account. The possibilities of genius are beyond prediction; but it may be questioned whether we ever get such a complete and symmetrical character as this, except from long lines of virtuous ancestry.

The household in which he was reared was worthy of the lineage. In the scale of material advantages it occupied the golden mean; there was comfort without luxury, and plenty without profusion. The parents had nothing to do with fashionable society; their life was devoted to their children. Says Mr. Allen:

"It need hardly be said that this was a religious family. The usage of family prayer was rigidly observed, in the morning before going forth to the work of the day and again in the evening at nine

o'clock. The evenings were spent by the whole family together around the common table in the 'back parlor,' the father busy at the many literary tasks which his interests and his ingenuity imposed on his leisure; the mother with her sewing and with her deeper meditations, and the boys at their books, preparing their lessons for the next day. Visitors came in occasionally for a call or to spend the evening, but this was rare; the avocations of the family were pursued without interruption. There was abundance of hilarity and boisterous demonstration of the natural gladness with which the whole family was endowed, but the undercurrent flowed in a deep-set channel of serious and direct endeavor."

The religious life of this family was somewhat disturbed in its earliest years by the theological ferment. It was about the time of the Unitarian secession, and some of the more cautious and peace-loving people had hardly yet taken sides. Mrs. Brooks had come from a congregation in North Andover which was ranked with the Unitarians, but her own tendencies were very conservative. Mr. Brooks had also been counted with the Unitarians, but he was a moderate man, with no strong theological bias. When they set up their home in Boston they attached themselves to the First Church, of which the distinguished Dr. Frothingham, a kinsman of theirs, was pastor; but when the Unitarian teaching of that pulpit became more pronounced, Mrs. Brooks found herself out of sympathy with it, and it was her unhappiness that led to the transfer of the church relations of the family to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, then one of the leading congregations of the Low Church school. With the warm evangelistic tendencies of that wing of the Episcopalians Mrs. Brooks was heartily in sympathy. Says Mr. Allen:

"Her mind was not theological, but it was intensely religious, and her religion moved in the grooves of the ancient piety. Her power of feeling and emotion was the source of her knowledge, for she was no wide discursive reader. She had a deep interior life of the soul, whose phases were more real and vital than the phenomena of the passing world. Religion to her was a life in Christ and hidden with Christ in God."

In the intensity of her desire for the spiritual welfare of her children, and with her narrowness of mental vision, this woman might easily have driven her six sons into infidelity if she had not possessed a saving common sense which taught her that their personality must be respected, that there was a limit beyond which she must not press her importunities. The result was that she won them all to the obedience of that faith which was the

staff of life to her, and had the happiness of seeing four of them in the Christian ministry.

It is profoundly interesting to see how perfectly Phillips Brooks united in his own person the highest qualities of his father and of his mother, so blending them that they produced a personality indefinitely stronger than either. Mr. Brooks, as one who knew him well says, was "a typical Boston merchant, solid, upright, unimaginative, unemotional." But he possessed considerable humor, and a good deal of literary skill; he was fond of history; he had a taste for architecture; he was a keen observer of men and things; he was the soul of honor. Mrs. Brooks, says the same witness, "gave me the notion of an intense, emotional nature, the very tones of her voice vibratory with feeling, deep spiritual life, the temperament of genius, saintly character." And while the great preacher was indebted to his father for his clear understanding, his broad sympathy, and his literary art, the testimony is credible that:

"What made Phillips Brooks a prophet, a leader, a power among men, was from the Phillips side of the family. The big heart, the changeful countenance, the voice that so easily grew tremulous with feeling, the eager look and gesture, the magnetism, the genius, seemed to me, and I believe seemed to him, his mother's."

Phillips Brooks was the second of the six sons, and he was born on December 13th, 1835. At a dame's school kept by Miss Capen, before the age of eight, afterward at the public grammar school until he was eleven, and at the Boston Latin School until he was sixteen, he was prepared for Harvard, which he entered in the autumn of 1851. Of his schoolboy life the reminiscences are not notable. He was not much addicted to the sports of the playground; he was growing too fast. At fourteen he was five feet eleven inches in height, and weighed one hundred and thirty-three pounds; when he entered college at sixteen he was six feet three and one-half inches tall, and weighed one hundred and sixty-one pounds. With the bioplasts working at such a tremendous rate, it could hardly be expected that the intellectual powers would find much space for their operation, yet the school work of Phillips Brooks was always creditable. Especially well done were his exercises in English composition. This was the line in which he excelled during his college course. In the languages he was then proficient, especially in Greek, in which he led his class,

and in Latin, in which he was close to the first; he gained also a good reading knowledge of German and of French; in the sciences and in natural history he did fairly well, and in mathematics only tolerably; but in English he was distinguished above all his fellows. He read widely and deeply in the English classics of the eighteenth century. Johnson, Goldsmith, Dryden, Swift, Leigh Hunt, Washington Irving and Walter Scott attracted him; Carlyle came later, with a powerful hold upon his thought, but Tennyson, more than all the rest, was his master during his college days; for Wordsworth and Browning he was not yet ready.

He graduated six months before his twentieth birthday, and soon accepted a position as assistant in the Boston Latin School. The class assigned to him included a turbulent set of young fellows, only two or three years younger than himself, who had already driven out two or three teachers, and who tackled the new one with confidence in their ability to make life a burden for him. They were abundantly successful. With little backing from his superiors, and with a task upon his hands which should have been given to none but the most experienced disciplinarian, the young schoolmaster made a signal failure—the only real failure of his life. It was a bitter disappointment and humiliation for him; the six months that followed his resignation were the only unhappy period of a very happy life. But he would not yield to despondency; he took up his studies with new purpose, and his note-books, now first resorted to, show that he is working out his problem with the aids of a genial philosophy. These note-books, for the next two years, become the witnesses of his spiritual struggles, and the mirror of his growing mind. They were not intended for any other eye; it does not appear that he showed them to anybody; they simply served his need of self-expression. He is beginning to think, deeply and patiently, of life, and he knows that the only fruitful thought is that which finds expression. Mere reverie is unprofitable; let us not be content with formless conceits and imaginings; let us get the conceptions which present themselves to our minds clearly before us, so that we can criticize and verify them. Our reading suggests related thoughts; our minds work over the materials of the book in our hands; let us save the product. Such seems to be the explanation of these voluminous note-books. Their contents are, for the most part, wholly impersonal. The record is devoid of egotism. It is not

the effect of these ideas and experiences upon himself that he is noting; he identifies himself with humanity and looks at everything in a universal way. And yet, we have in these note-books the most complete self-revelation; we see how the great questions of the inner life present themselves to his mind, and how he reaches clearness with regard to them.

During the six months following his unhappy experiment at teaching he began to keep this sacred record; and, although he was barely twenty years of age, there is a maturity, an elevation and a beauty in these confessions which are astonishing.

It does not appear that he has yet favorably considered for himself the ministerial calling. His mind is profoundly serious, and there appears to be no lack of faith in the essential religious realities; but he has never yet been confirmed, as a church-member, and there are indications that he is not in sympathy with the view of religion with which he has been familiar. The Christian life, as it has been represented to him, called

"for a renunciation of much which he knew or believed to be good. The conventional denunciation of the intellect as a dangerous guide, and of wealth as a thing to be avoided, the condemnation of the natural joy in life and its innocent amusements, the schism between religion and life—against all this he inwardly protested. If this was what devotion to the law of God demanded, he was not ready to make the sacrifice of his will."

This was the cause, no doubt, of his hesitation to enter the ministry. Somehow, during these desolate months, he found his way to a better theory of the Christian life. His pastor, Dr. Vinton, sent for him to come and see him, but his wise father knew better than to repeat the message. Instead of that, Phillips went to see President Walker, of Harvard, a large-minded and sympathetic man. That was the critical moment of his history. Dr. Walker's counsel brought home to him the possibility of the ministerial vocation, and confronted him with a great responsibility. Says Mr. Allen:

"President Eliot, at that time a tutor in the college, was on his way to Dr. Walker's, and recalls how he met Phillips Brooks at the door coming from the interview. He was struck by his appearance; his face was of a deathly whiteness, the evidence of some great crisis. Once again in Phillips Brooks's life, President Eliot saw him under a similar situation, in 1881, when he called to decline the offer of a professorship at Harvard. Then again his face was strangely white, under some extraordinary emotion, and President Eliot remembered the vision of 1856."

When Dr. Vinton was spoken to about this plan of studying for the ministry, he answered that confirmation was supposed to precede theological study, and that conversion was regarded as a requisite for confirmation. Phillips Brooks answered that he did not know what conversion meant. The reply is somewhat startling. Probably, the conventional notion of conversion which had been enforced upon him was one that he did not then understand, and, perhaps, never did. But if conversion means the resolute turning of the soul to God with the purpose of obedience, he had, beyond a doubt, already experienced it. Dr. Vinton knew the young man too well to be troubled by this frank confession, and he counselled him to go at once to the Seminary of the Episcopal Church at Alexandria, Virginia. Thither he betook himself, and there, for three memorable years, he devoted himself to the work of preparing himself for his chosen calling.

To the history of these three years Mr. Allen devotes 158 solid octavo pages of this biography. Not many theological students need so much space, but this is not excessive. We are dealing with a great character and the manner of its development deeply concerns us.

The first thing to be noted is the amazing industry of this young man. The routine work of the Seminary, to begin with, was thoroughly done. It was not attractive work; the theology of this school of the prophets was mainly a valley of dry bones. One teacher there was whose influence was stimulating; the rest could do little for him. Yet, Phillips Brooks held himself steadily to this drudgery; there was no shirking of the dullest tasks; he always received the commendation of his instructors. Perhaps this was the best place for him. He was thrown upon his own resources, and they were ample. There was a good library, and he devoured it. The range of his reading is amazing. It was not all light reading. He seems to have bent himself, with all the energies of his soul, to the work of training and equipping his mind for its future tasks. He had been, as we have seen, a fine linguist in college; now he takes up his tools, finds that he can handle them, and goes to work with them. Professor Allen says:

"The moment had come when Greek and Latin were no longer dead languages, but were at his disposal as means of entering into other worlds of human experience. It was a thrilling moment in his life when this revelation flashed over him, turning what had before

been labor and drudgery into keenest pleasure, into the consciousness, as it were, of new faculties. Thus, in the few months after he reached the seminary, we find him reading Herodotus and Æschylus, and among Latin writers Plautus, Lucretius and Lucan; of ecclesiastical writers Augustine, Tertullian and the Venerable Bede. * * * From all these writers he was making extracts, sometimes in the original, or translating as an exercise for the mastery of the language. Schiller's 'Wallenstein' also attracted him, and he was tempted to try his hand in translation. He kept up his French by reading Saint Pierre's *'Etudes de la Nature.'*"

His work in the English classics is even wider:

"Coleridge (his poetry and Biographia), Wordsworth and Shelley, Shakespeare, Milton, Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Cowley, Waller, Henry Taylor, Landor, Keats, Southey, Johnson, Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Barry Cornwall, Whittier, Sir Thomas Overbury, Ossian, Pope, Swift, Charlotte Brontë, Kingsley, Holmes, Dryden, Chatterton, Lowell, Carlyle, Cowper, Shaftesbury, Ruskin, Jones Very, the Salem mystic—these are the authors into whom he is dipping at will, from whom he is making extracts in his note-books. The quotations he copies reveal the character of his mind, becoming his own mental furniture."

Into archæology he was also going deeply; the life of the ancient peoples had for him a strong fascination, while modern history and theology were by no means neglected.

This is a mere suggestion of his first year's study in the Seminary; the other two years' work is no less noteworthy. The acquisition is simply prodigious. If culture is, as Matthew Arnold tells us, "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit," Brooks was winning the amplest culture.

For this was not a mere process of gorging; the assimilation was rapid and constant. To this the note-books give abundant witness. All these notes represent the reaction of a subtle and masterful intellect upon the knowledge gathered from so many sources. There is, withal, the open eye that keenly scans all that is going on in the world about, especially as it relates to human character, and a power of self-observation which is able to interpret, in the most luminous way, and without a trace of morbidity, the deepest secrets of the soul. This is the work of a youth of twenty-one or twenty-two, but it possesses the breadth, the maturity, the poise of a man of forty; there is no extravagance or exaggeration; he does not seem to be cultivating the art of saying things; he is expressing himself.

A surprise to most of those who have been familiar with his published works is the amount of verse which these note-books contain. The beautiful Christmas hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem," is familiar to many, and one or two other brief lyrics have appeared in print; but it is probable that few, even among his intimate friends, knew of the extent to which Phillips Brooks exercised his gift of poetic expression. It seems to have been the simple outlet of deep and strong emotion.

In an address delivered at a school near Alexandria during the last year of his seminary life, he thus explains his verse-making, without referring to himself:

"It seems to me that there are times when it is good for any man to perpetrate a page or two with lines ending similarly. There are moods of mind and circumstances of condition where utterance, and utterance in that form which we call verses, is eminently healthy. But note the distinction between general and special poetry. There is a good deal of poetry that is perfectly justifiable to write, but utterly inexcusable to show when written—verses, like the papers in lost pocketbooks, of no possible value except to the owner, yet of real, genuine use to him. They help him to establish his identity, to prove his right to old hopes and thoughts and fancies, to his whole past self. * * * If any one of you has written poetry by stealth and is ashamed of it, don't show it; but if it came from the heart, thank God who put it into your heart to write it. Keep it so long as it can sing itself to you. Only, don't show it, least of all publish it. You break the spell as soon as any one but yourself sees it."

Here is the reason why so much of his most interesting work never saw the light of day until he had passed from earth. The power of self-restraint, the genuine modesty of intellect, are here revealed. A few of these verses will make it plain that most other men would have had less misgivings about publishing them:

"O for a wider life, where flower
With more of breath gains more of bloom;
With more of peace since more of power,
And more of rest since more of room."

"Some purity and peace will evermore
Break in upon our life of care and sin,
As heedless ears that pass the church's door
Catch fragments of the swelling psalm within."

Here is a sonnet written after finishing, on a bright summer's day, the "Agamemnon"; how perfect is the resilience of a strong and sane spirit from the depression of that ancient tragedy!

"The story's ended. Fling the window wide;
 Let the June sunlight leap across the room.
 How like a spirit it comes through the gloom,
 And draws the old, black, tragic veil aside.
 All day the passion of the Argive queen,
 All day Cassandra's fate-words, half unsung,
 Like a dark storm-cloud o'er my soul have hung,
 With choral thunders breaking through between.
 We've heard the tale a human life can tell;
 Come, hear the stories Nature's heart can speak;
 Hear June's rich rhythms die adown the dell,
 And each tree's chorus, grander than the Greek!
 Cassandra-thoughts with more than Loxian spell
 Come singing to us from the mountain's peak."

I have given but a faint suggestion of the wealth of these note-books, and of the extraordinary mental activity of Phillips Brooks during the three years which he spent in the theological seminary. But enough has transpired to make it plain that the power of Phillips Brooks was nothing accidental. On the intellectual side, his skill, his facility, his mastery of his resources, are the result of such a course of training as few men have ever undertaken. In the technique of the literary art his drill was prodigious. He knew his instrument as Paderewski knows his, and in precisely the same way. But it was not merely in literary technique that he was proficient. In the lore of the spirit he was a master. He had looked into his own heart deeply and steadily; he had searched, with the intuition of sympathy, the secrets of the lives of his companions and his neighbors, and through the eyes of hundreds of the greatest students of the human soul he had gazed into the depths of human experience. Perhaps not in the same way, and certainly not to the same degree, yet in some rare measure it had come to be true of him, as of his Master, that he knew what was in man. Nor had this study of human nature been that of a cynic or a satirist; it had been that of a man whose heart was warm with human sympathy, who believed in men and longed to help them.

But what kind of help could he give them? He was to be a Christian minister; with the gospel of Jesus Christ he was to be put in trust. What was that gospel—the essential Christianity? With the traditional and conventional Christianity, as we have seen, he did not find himself in sympathy; it seemed to him too negative. Life, as he saw it, was larger and richer than the

Christian types with which he had been familiar. He could not believe that to save his soul he must lose his life.

This was his deepest question in his seminary days. And it was a question upon which he came at length to perfect clearness, so that his answer to it was, as one might say, the characteristic note of his ministry. The one thing of which he became sure was that the Christian life is, as the Apostle says, life indeed; that it leaves out nothing—"no manner of thing that is good"; that it means for every man, not the mutilation of his life, but the completion and the coronation of his manhood; that it unites him with all his fellows and helps him to build on the earth the Kingdom of Heaven. So it was that his first sermon in the seminary upon "The Centralizing Power of the Gospel," strikes out boldly along this line. The opening paragraph of this remarkable sermon presents this thought in a telling illustration:

"It is just as when we come near a great city, we see life becoming more and more centralized every mile; the scattered interests and pleasures and pursuits of village life begin to look cityward; the great roads begin to run in long, straight lines on to the distant centre; the little lanes creep on between their hedges, striving the same way; houses begin to take on the city look; men are working for city needs with an eye to the demand of city taste or necessity; and each newcomer falls into the great stream and is carried on to the market place with the rest. * * * Thus, Christianity, if it claim to be a complete and not a partial system for the redemption of our life, must come with its central truth, broad enough and true enough to save it all. * * * God's ban lies upon no fair exercise of the faculties of labor, if they be but exercised as he directs. * * * All heaven is working for us, if we will, as the little child digs his well on the sea-shore, and then the great ocean comes and fills it for him. * * * This new Christian simplicity is not perfect till it recognizes the world's hope in its own. Then there comes the true 'liberality' of our religion. The man begins to identify himself with the race, and wins a share in its collective faith and power. He multiplies his life eight hundred million fold. The world was made, and sun and stars ordained, and salvation sent to earth, for humanity and him. The history of the race becomes his experience, the happiness of the race his glory, the progress of the race his hope. He begins to say, 'We shall do thus, and thus win new secrets from nature and new truth from God,' for this man goes hand in hand with humanity down the highways of its life, till they stand together before the throne of God in heaven."

It is a wonderful sermon—for a youth of twenty-two; its reach and range and grasp are exceptional. It may not seem to readers of to-day anything novel, but those who were living and listening

to sermons forty years ago know that this kind of doctrine was not the sort of thing which men were accustomed to hear in those days. I will not say that it was a new note, for Maurice and Kingsley and Robertson and Bushnell had struck it; but each of these men had mixed it with a good deal of speculation about other things; but here was one who saw that it was central and regnant in Christianity, and who had the power to gather it up and deliver it with the force of a mighty conviction.

He had found himself, he had found his work, he knew his message, he knew his Master: he was ready. With a great and solemn joy, he took up his task. Would he be compelled to wait and search for a field of labor? Just as much as the summer shower has to wait for a meadow that will make it welcome.

Nor is it any strange or mysterious thing that this man, with such an equipment of mind and heart, with such a conception of Christianity, with such a passion for service, found the people, from the very first, thronging his ministry, hanging upon its utterances, moved and quickened in a way they had not known! It is no more mysterious than the Matterhorn, or the Mississippi, or the giant sequoias of Mariposa; though it is far more sublime than any of them.

Not long before the close of his seminary course, a committee from the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia came to Alexandria, and pressed upon him a call to become their rector. After much deliberation and many misgivings, he consented to supply the church for three months, at the expiration of which time the vestry might, if they chose, renew the call.

The Church of the Advent was a small organization, with about 150 communicants; the salary offered was \$1,000, with prospects of increase; it was a humble field, and there was plenty of hard work in sight. On the first day of July, 1859, he was ordained as deacon, in the chapel of the seminary, and on the 10th of July he preached his first sermon in his new pulpit.

It does not appear that he took the town by storm; the newspaper notices of his first sermon are favorable, but not unequivocal. The reporters apparently do not know what to do with him. One of them remarks, oracularly:

"The sermon which followed was delivered in good style and bore marks of preparation which would not have compared unfavorably with the productions of some of his more experienced brethren in the ministry."

Mr. Brooks himself relates that after he had been serving the church some weeks, as he was walking home on Sunday night with one of the vestrymen, he said to his companion that perhaps he had better leave at once, and not wait till the three months were out, whereupon the other replied: "Well, as long as you have begun, perhaps you had better stay out the time for which you are hired." The remark may have been facetious; at all events, there was not for long any serious question as to whether the ministry was successful. The empty pews steadily filled up; the crowded congregations soon quite reassured any who might have feared that the young minister was not equal to his task. After the three months' probation, the call was confirmed.

So the first year went by, full of labor and reward. The hearts of his people were drawn to him with a deepening devotion; he was making many friends, and the best social circles of Philadelphia were open to him. It was not alone his immediate neighbors who valued him. His fame had extended with surprising rapidity. A dozen calls came to him, within a year, from New England, from the interior, and from the Pacific Coast.

It was not, however, to any of these distant fields that he was to go; the neighboring Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia laid its commands on him, and after once declining its call, and waiting for a year while it was vainly striving to unite on some one else, he at last surrendered to its importunity.

The new opportunity was not too large for him. He was now just twenty-six years old, and he was pastor of one of the leading churches of his denomination; his position was one of great influence and responsibility. There were few more striking figures in the public eye. Although he had reached the weight of two hundred pounds, his great height still gave the impression of slenderness; but his biographer tells us that as his form filled out

"there came a new and unexpected ease and grace of manner, which seemed in keeping with the inward spirit. There were now apparent an exquisite physical symmetry and a manly beauty, which called for comment and description as much as did his power in the pulpit. There was here the physical basis of oratory, but there was something more—the outer man became the reflection of the inward grace and refinement."

The great church rallied round him, and felt in every fibre the impulse of his abounding life. It had never before known

such prosperity. The lines of his influence ran out in all directions.

There is no room here to speak of the service rendered by Phillips Brooks to the cause of the nation during the Civil War. It was a great fight he fought with prevailing social influences in Philadelphia which were in deadly hostility to the national government; to him, more than to any one else, was due the awakening of patriotic feeling and purpose in that community. He was an active member of the Union League; his addresses and sermons on the war had a national circulation.

So, in the fateful Lenten days of 1865, when the whole land one Saturday morning was lifted to the heights of exultation by the tidings of Lee's surrender, and on the following Saturday morning was plunged into the depths of gloom by the news of Lincoln's assassination, this voice was heard again, giving more adequate expression to the throbbing heart of the nation than almost any other in the land.

It is not wonderful, then, that when Harvard University prepared to commemorate her sons who had perished in the war, Phillips Brooks should have been invited to officiate as chaplain of the day and to make the prayer. It was a great day at Harvard—perhaps the greatest day of its history; many of the general officers of the army were there, with Meade at the head of them; an address was delivered by Dr. George Putnam; poems were read by Julia Ward Howe, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and, greatest of all, by James Russell Lowell, that Commemoration Ode which is, perhaps, the noblest poem ever written in America. Of Phillips Brooks's sacred part in that commemoration it seems almost improper to speak; but so powerful was the impression which it made that we cannot pass it by.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, who was present, confesses that when the prayer began he put himself into a mood of endurance.

"But with the first sentence from those burning lips, his attitude changed. He found himself listening breathless. He felt that he had never heard living prayer before; that here was a man talking straight into the face, into the heart, of God. When the 'Amen' came it seemed to him that the occasion was over, that the harmonies of the music had been anticipated, that the poem had been read and the oration already uttered; that after such a prayer every other exercise might well be dispensed with."

President Eliot testifies that

"it was the most impressive utterance of a proud and happy day. Even Lowell's Commemoration Ode did not at the moment so touch the hearts of his hearers; that one spontaneous and intimate expression of Brooks's noble spirit convinced all Harvard that a young prophet had risen up in Israel."

Of this inspired utterance no record remains. It lives only in the memories of those who heard it. But it should be noted that such an outpouring of the full heart in prayer was no unusual experience for Phillips Brooks. His Prayer Book was not to him a fetter. In the seminary, his classmates testified that his prayers made you feel that God was very near to him, and throughout his ministry he often proved that he could not only read prayers but could pray.

It is not surprising that this young prophet, received with such honor in his own country, should have been favorably considered by Boston churches when a vacancy occurred in their pulpits, and the determination to remove him from his Philadelphia pastorate probably dates from this time. But the removal was not effected for four years, one of which was spent in Europe and the other three in hard work with the church which had grown to great strength under his ministry. In the spring of 1867, he was offered the presidency of the new Theological School at Cambridge, but he felt constrained to decline the honor. In the autumn of 1868, Trinity Church in Boston opened its pulpit door to him, but again he turned away. He seems at that time to have entertained a serious doubt as to his ability to do the work expected of him in that most important field. But in July of the following year the invitation was renewed, and with a sore heart he accepted it. It was hard for him to pluck himself out of the life that had become so dear to him, but the opportunity was one that he dared not refuse. He must, by this time, have been able to discern the conditions by which he would be surrounded in Boston; he must have known that the people were ready for the message which had been given him to deliver. Boston had been the fighting ground of the Unitarian controversy, and every such controversy terribly hurts both the combatants; on both sides, negations are magnified and the deeper unities are ignored; spiritual realities always suffer. Boston orthodoxy greatly needed to be more tolerant and catholic, and Boston Unitarianism needed to become less critical and more devout. What

was wanted in Boston was the work of a reconciler—of one who, by ignoring controversy, and preaching affirmatively the doctrine of the Larger Christ, could bring men together in the bonds of peace.

At once it is evident that the place and the hour and the man have met; we are in the presence of one of the great conjunctions of the spiritual world.

No space is here for a report, ever so meagre, of the twenty-one years of that Boston pastorate, or of the brief service in the Episcopate which followed it; no room to tell of the thronging congregations which soon made the old Trinity too strait, and compelled the church to take steps toward the erection of the noblest ecclesiastical edifice in America, and which, while the new temple was building, filled Huntington Hall every Sunday to overflowing; or to trace the swift and sure steps by which Phillips Brooks advanced to intellectual and moral leadership, becoming, without one ambitious thought or effort, the first citizen of Boston; or to repeat the narrative of the honors and distinctions showered upon him, in his own country, and in England, where, on his repeated visits, he was welcomed to all the prominent pulpits and received with the most open-hearted hospitality by all the great ones of the land—scholars and writers and poets and artists—and where the most ancient University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity; or to speak of his almost romantic relation to Harvard University, of which he became, very early, a sort of unofficial chaplain, and in which he came to be the very centre of great moral and spiritual forces, which have wrought mightily toward the uplifting of its whole life.

His call to be the preacher of that University and the Professor of Christian Ethics therein, which came to him in the spring of 1881, was one of the crises of his life. Few men have had to pass through a sorer trial. In the hour when the question was settled, as President Eliot has told us, his face was white with the strain of the ordeal. It was a bitter thing to turn away from that opportunity, and it would have been a bitter thing to forsake Trinity Church, with its throne of power. Whichever way he turned, suffering must be his portion. The call to Harvard mightily drew him; he loved the University with all his heart; he had such power over young men as few have possessed, and he could not have been unaware of it. The act of the University in

ignoring its Unitarian traditions and inviting a man to be its religious teacher whom it knew to be a Trinitarian, was itself a challenge to his chivalry, and the pressure brought to bear on him, not only by friends of the college but also by public leaders in all parts of the country, was hard to resist. On the other side, he was not permitted to lose sight of the fact that his work in Boston was one which no one else could do. Professor Allen writes:

"Boston had taken him to its heart as well as its head. He had no superior, no rival in its affection. It had been impossible, even had he wished it, to confine his influence to the limits of his parish. He spoke to all, and his heart went forth alike to all, without regard to distinctions of class or religious sects. He had the freedom of the city and its many suburban towns, and he had the freedom of all religious denominations. * * * The clergy of Boston knew better than most the deeper significance of Phillips Brooks's position. Nor was there a better test of their manhood or of their Christian character or power of appreciation than when they asked him to remain in Boston. There were some who thought it would have been a gain to every one of them had he left. They did not take this view. They knew, and they said to him, that every church was stronger for his presence in the city, that they themselves were stronger to do their work, that every agency for good was more effective under the stimulus of his inspiration."

Mr. Allen tells us that the mass of letters which flowed in upon him every day from all parts of the country, from scholars and statesmen and thinkers, from lawyers and men of business, from women in all ranks of life as well as men, convey a most striking impression of the sense of proprietorship in him which multitudes had come to feel.

"To Phillips Brooks it must have proved a strange revelation. In his simplicity he had thought he could act in such a juncture as did other men. Now it was borne in upon him that he did not belong to himself, and was no longer living for himself. Others were claiming him for their possession, each for his own. * * * Those who spoke and wrote to him broke the customary reticence of life, and told him all they thought and felt. It was like listening to a long eulogy while he was yet alive. It must have had its effect. It humiliated him to the very dust. He could never again be quite the same that he had been. There was from this time a change in his face and bearing, as of one who had seen a vision of things unspeakable."

Doubtless, it was the larger interest that prevailed, and held him to his work in Boston. But it was permitted to him still to maintain a close relation to the University, for the board of preachers and chaplains, which was then organized and of which

for a number of years he was a member, gave him the privilege of ministering most effectively to the students of that institution.

Another grave juncture in his life came later, when he was called to be Bishop of Massachusetts. There was little question then concerning his duty; but the manner in which the people of all faiths took the matter up and assumed that anything relating to him concerned them is something phenomenal.

But the election by the diocese of Massachusetts must be confirmed by the standing committees and the bishops of the other dioceses; and a strong attempt was made to prevent this confirmation. He was accused of being a Unitarian, a Pelagian, and many other kinds of heretic; he was even suspected of being a Congregationalist; all sorts of stories were set afloat concerning his teachings and practices. Letters were written to him asking him pointed questions as to what he believed, and what he had said and done. To all these questions he answered never a word. Some of his intimate friends begged him to set at rest some of these foolish cavils, but his answer was:

"I have been for thirty-two years a minister of the church, and I have used her services joyfully and without complaint. I have preached in many places and with the utmost freedom. I have written and published many volumes, which I have no right to ask anybody to read, but which will give to any one who chooses to read them clear understanding of my way of thinking. My acts have never been concealed. Under these circumstances, I cannot think it well to make any utterance of faith or pledge of purpose at the present time. Certainly, I made none to my brethren here, when they chose me to be their bishop, and I cannot help thinking that you will think I am right in making none now when the election is passing to its final stages."

After ten weeks of suspense, the majority of the Bishops of the Episcopal Church came to the conclusion that Phillips Brooks was good enough to be one of them. It is strange that there could have been any question in any mind concerning the fitness for that great office of the man who was incomparably greater than any other man who ever filled it.

His brief service in the episcopate illustrated another phase of his power. He was not only a great preacher, he was a great administrator. Bishop Lawrence, his successor, declares that he excelled in executive ability. But in all these large affairs, the personal touch was never forgotten; he kept himself close to those

who most needed him; he was still, as always, the shepherd and bishop of souls.

Can we gather up in a few paragraphs some of the salient features of this great personality?

Phillips Brooks, the man—how large he was! His commanding and beautiful figure was no unfit symbol of his magnanimity, his generosity, his nobility. Of his rare reticence I have spoken; but that was no bar to a most cordial companionship. No man ever needed friendship more or prized it more highly. If there were secret chambers in his life where he dwelt alone with God, there was still large room outside of them, to the freedom of which he welcomed his friends with a glad heart. He was not only courteous and cordial, he was jovial and hilarious, the merriest of companions, bubbling over with fun. This temper seems to have deepened as his hold upon the great spiritual realities grew firmer; the more sure he was of the Divine Fatherhood, the freer and the lighter hearted he became. As his biographer says:

"He was bearing testimony to the truth of his own experience, that the joy of living, the pleasure of social converse, the talk which turned upon little things, the wit and the humor natural to man, were not incompatible with religion; that to turn from the one to the other, or always to be ready for either, was only to recognize the divine purpose in God's creation."

His correspondence bears witness to the intimacy of his friendships; often he writes in a vein of rollicking humor, and the boyish terms of endearment which he uses show what his relations were. With children he was perfectly at home. Neither Hans Christian Andersen, Lewis Carroll nor Eugene Field knew the heart of a child better than did Phillips Brooks. After he was bishop, when people in society began to stand in a certain awe of so great a personage, he would break away to the children and have them about him in a twinkling, winning their confidence without an effort. "Why don't you talk to us as Bishop Brooks did?" the little folk were wont, after he was gone, to demand of Bishop Lawrence.

In the sick room his presence was a benediction. "A mysterious influence seemed to go forth from him for good, for strength and life, even when he sat down in silence by the bedside, and no need was felt of words." Of his relations to the poor there are many testimonies. Dr. Donald tells a pathetic incident of a

working-man who had been told at the hospital that he must undergo a critical surgical operation the next day. The evening was before him—perhaps the last on earth; and he and his wife determined to call on Phillips Brooks. Neither of them knew him, but in their great extremity they turned to him. He talked with them and soothed them and promised to be with them the next day at the hospital. Here is a testimony, of the same character, found among his papers—a letter from the working-man who describes himself as “one of the crowd who do not go to church, but am consciously better because you are here.”

“I wonder if you have any sort of conception how many there are of us who are made better, and try to be more useful, as a result of your example. To me you reveal God as no other man does. What I mean by that is, I can’t think of you for ten consecutive minutes without forgetting all about you and thinking of God instead; and when I think of God and wonder how he will seem to me, it always comes round to trying to conceive of you, infinitely enlarged in every way.”

He was a blameless knight of God. No shadow of suspicion ever rested on his character. There was, indeed, one editor in Philadelphia who had evidently taken up the belief entertained by some persons that all ministers of the gospel are selfish and insincere, and who therefore found occasion to carp at Phillips Brooks along with the rest; but the reasons which he gave were so absurd that no one heeded him. There were heresy hunters, also, in his own church, who impugned his integrity; they lived so far below the plane on which he moved that they never caught a glimpse of him. But criticisms from such sources are hardly to be considered; the truth remains that Phillips Brooks stood before the world the one conspicuous figure of the century whom calumny could not touch nor envy belittle.

Of Phillips Brooks as preacher, it is safe to say that he is the greatest of his generation. This appears to be the verdict of the public, for his printed sermons have had an unprecedented circulation. In his manner there was no attempt at what men call oratory; the great majority of his sermons were written and read from the manuscript; there was almost never any gesticulation; his voice was not particularly musical, and his delivery was in defiance of all the rules of elocution; nevertheless, he held and swayed his audiences as few preachers have done in any age.

Let me present a few sketches of his manner, written after he went to Boston:

"He is exceedingly portly and also very tall; in bearing, one of the most commanding men of his day. He has a fine, well-proportioned head, covered with a short growth of thick, black hair, which he wears easily, without careless indifference and also without dainty niceness. * * * A certain throwing of his head up and a little to one side is his most prominent gesture, and it is all the more effective that it is not strictly elegant. There is nothing in his face, voice or manner which can explain his almost unexampled popularity. For popular he is almost beyond precedent."

Another says:

"His style was simplicity itself. Illustration and imagery are not profuse but perfect. His power, however, is what no one less gifted than he can describe to another who has not felt it. It seems to come from a deep, personal experience which gives his message authority."

Few have been better qualified to speak of him as a preacher than James Bryce, the great English interpreter of America. After alluding to other great preachers he had heard, Bishop Wilberforce, Dr. Candlish, Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Liddon and Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Bryce goes on:

"All these famous men were, in a sense, more brilliant, that is to say, more rhetorically effective, than Dr. Brooks, yet none of them spoke so directly to the soul. With all of them it was impossible to forget the speaker in the words spoken, because the speaker did not quite seem to have forgotten himself, but to have studied the effect he sought to produce. With him it was otherwise. * * * The listeners never thought of style or manner, but only of the substance of the thoughts. * * * In this blending of perfect simplicity of treatment with singular fertility and elevation of thought, no other of the famous preachers of the generation that is now vanishing approached him."

Dr. Alexander Balmain Bruce, the great Scottish divine, on being asked how Brooks compared with the great preachers of Scotland and England, replied:

"It is this way: Our great preachers take into the pulpit a bucket full, or half full, of the word of God, and then, by the force of personal mechanism, they attempt to convey it to the congregation. But this man is just a great water-main, attached to the everlasting reservoir of God's truth and grace and love, and streams of life by a heavenly gravitation pour through him to refresh every weary soul."

To one thing all bear testimony. His power of enkindling the feelings of his auditors was marvellous, and it seemed to in-

crease with his years. Yet there was no apparent attempt to arouse emotion. His own mood was so intense that it communicated itself. It was in his afternoon sermons at Trinity Church these impressions were deepest. Says Robert Treat Payne:

"These were the times when the glory of his preaching culminated. In words blazing with fire or melting in exquisite tenderness, or radiant with hope, and changing quickly from one emotion to another, often with his head thrown back and eyes on high as piercing through the veil, his great figure would rise and dilate to its utmost majesty, as he threw his arms wide open with that mighty gesture of loving invitation, and then his face would melt into that angel smile of tenderness never seen by some of us on any other mortal face."

As a religious teacher, what shall we say of him? There is no system of doctrine, there are few attempts to set forth Christian truth in philosophical form. In his *Lectures on Preaching*, in his essay on *Tolerance* and in his *Bohlen Lectures on "The Influence of Jesus,"* as well as in his sermons, there are many implications, but the fashioning of dogmatic formulas was not his work. For this reason, some have declared that he was no theologian, but that is a superficial judgment. You might as well say that the elm is no builder because it does not furnish you, before it goes to work, a front and side elevation, and architect's drawings. Brooks was a teacher whose business it was to organize doctrine into life. He thought, profoundly, upon all the themes with which the theologian deals, but he gave you the results of his thinking, not its processes. It was not the chemist's method, but the artist's, that he employed. But just as Michelangelo was a great anatomist, so was Phillips Brooks a great theological thinker.

Some characteristics of his teaching should be emphasized.

It was always positive and constructive, never critical or controversial. He rarely denied anything. He never attacked anybody. He gave to the truth he believed the clearest and most winning affirmation he could find for it, and trusted it to make its way. He took your assent for granted. He was no satirist, no censor; he did not spend his life in pointing out the errors and shortcomings of his fellows; he showed men the better way; he supplanted error with truth; he overcame evil with good.

This quality was close akin to that intellectual sympathy by which he sought the deeper meaning of those dogmas of the church which are passing into desuetude, through defects of form.

In every one of them, as he believed, a great truth was enclosed; and the thing which the framers of those dogmas were blindly groping after was the truth which he sought and rejoiced to find. Then he was not an iconoclast or a come-outer; he felt himself to be in vital union with historic Christianity, with the glorious company of the Apostles and the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs, and the Holy Church throughout all the world.

And what, in fine, was his message? It was that simple Gospel of Christ which he outlined in his first sermon—the truth of the Divine Fatherhood and the human brotherhood; the truth of the presence of God in His world and in the lives of His children; the truth that “the moral life is the expression of the Divine Will”; above all, the truth that Jesus Christ is the revelation of God, and also of man; so that if you want to know God you must look at Him, and if you want to find God you must follow Him; and in looking to Him and following Him, you come to yourself, you realize your own manhood. These elementary Christian truths, which, in our theologizing, we have so grievously qualified and mystified, he brought to light and clothed with power. He made men believe that they not only may be but are the children of the Father in heaven, capable, indeed, of disobeying Him and ruining themselves, but His children still, and sinning against His love every moment they stay away from Him.

“The Incarnation meant to him,” says Mr. Allen, “that God and man had met together in the person of Christ—the fulness of God and the complete perfection of humanity.” And this was no incomprehensible thing. “This new life,” he says, “into which God comes, seems to be the most quietly natural human life that was ever seen upon the earth. It glides into its place like sunlight. It seems to make it evident that God and man are so near together that the meeting of their natures in the life of a God-man is not strange.” Therefore, his whole conception of the Christian life is that it is as natural as green grass and daisies and blue skies; that it is as simple and wholesome as daily bread; that it is human as mother-love and the trust of childhood; that it is simply coming to ourselves; getting possession of our own powers; becoming what God made us to be, and stands by, at every moment, to help us to be. That was about the whole of it. Especially in his last years, when his power as a preacher became

so wonderful, when he was swaying great congregations as never before by the overmastering earnestness of his appeal, these few truths were always on his lips. "I have but one sermon," he said, "Come, you men!"—this was the tenor of his appeal—"Come to the Father! Come to the Master who reveals Him! Come to yourselves! Be men! Your manhood is a glorious thing. Do not despise and destroy it! Be men! Be men!"

One who wishes to find the substance of his message in condensed form may read his sermon on "The Light of the World," or his sermon on "The Candle of the Lord"; one who desires a fuller statement should read "The Influence of Jesus."

For myself, I must confess that it is difficult for me, without seeming extravagance, to convey the impression which has been growing upon me during the weeks that I have spent on this biography. That the Christian type and ideal are higher and finer to-day than ever before in history must be taken as the postulate of faith. The best Christian of this generation must be a better man than any former generation could have produced. And if I were called to name the highest and finest example of Christian manhood which this age has brought forth, my choice would rest on Phillips Brooks. I have permitted my thought to range over the lists of noble men of whom I have had some knowledge, and no one appears who, in mind and heart and life, comes up to his stature. He seems to me to have comprehended and expressed and incarnated, better than any one else I know, the Christianity of the last half of the nineteenth century. He took the religion of Christ, stripped it of the traditions and confusions and heathenisms with which men have bound it, penetrated to the heart of it, clearly taught it, and gloriously lived it. If any one should ask me to give him my idea of the Christianity of to-day, I should bid him read the sermons and study the life of Phillips Brooks.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

A GOVERNMENT OF LAWS, NOT OF MEN.

BY MR. JUSTICE WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, OF THE SUPREME COURT OF
THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

THERE is a story of a king of Spain being burned to death in his own palace because there was no one present of sufficient rank to approach the unhappy monarch and pull off his burning clothes. And we have among us persons, standing on ceremony quite as punctilious, who, while admitting that it is high time that some one should speak out concerning the lawlessness of the police of New York city—or, rather, of the sort of persons who have usually been put in rule over them—profess to think that one holding the office of Judge should not do so, even though the fundamental guaranties of individual rights and liberties on which free government rests are being trampled under foot and degraded. Some canon of etiquette, actual or fancied, prevents a Judge (so they say) from saying a word on the subject while off the bench. It is with some diffidence, therefore, that I comply with a request to write a supplement to my article which appeared last month in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on the “Lawlessness of the Police in New York.” But when I search my memory and my library very little indeed, I find so many instances (even recent ones) of Judges speaking and writing on legal and governmental subjects while off the bench, without any one carping over their action, that I feel quite reassured that, though a Judge off the bench may not say everything, he may say very much more than that his soul is his own, without violating any rule of etiquette. Nor among Judges generally is there any notion that a Judge may not with propriety write or speak about questions of law and government while off the bench.

There seems also to be a considerable number of persons whose

vague understanding is, that the prohibitions under Anglo-Saxon law and tradition against arrests and house invasions without warrants, and which are expressed in our laws and fundamental instruments of government everywhere in this country, are meant only for the protection of "good" people, with whom they of course class themselves; and that therefore they need not trouble themselves about such things. They do not seem to understand that it is not for the prosecuting officers or the police to determine that a given individual is guilty. Some also seem to think that such prohibitions may be suspended when we have a "good" District Attorney or a "good" Commissioner of Police in office. They do not seem to realize that what "good" police officials and prosecuting officers assume to do will be done by their "bad" successors. Free government is divided into the legislative, executive, and judicial branches, each with a separate sphere of jurisdiction and action. The legislative branch makes the laws, except in so far as the citizens at large make them by their direct vote, as is the case with our state constitutions, which are laws made by the direct vote of the people; the executive branch, through its subdivisions and branches (of which the police force is one), carries out the laws; and the judicial branch determines who are guilty under the laws, and interprets the laws where disputes arise, and in that way holds in check or prevents all acts and conduct of the other two branches which are in excess of their powers. If the police could make and interpret laws, and also say who was good and who bad, who innocent and who guilty, there would be no limitation on their power, and they could do as they please. But that would not be free government; it would be despotism.

No one should forget for a day that our government, like all free governments, is one of laws and not of men. The people enact their laws, and then put some of their number in official positions to carry them out. They do not put persons in office to do as they please, but to keep within the laws. They do not tolerate that persons put in office to enforce the criminal laws shall themselves exceed or violate the laws defining their powers and duties, and the method and procedure they must follow. When a prosecuting attorney, or a police official, says, "I can't detect crime, I can't discover gamblers or wayward women, in their privacy, by keeping within the law," the emphatic answer of the law is, "Then don't." Experience has shown in all ages that it

is far more important to the common weal that officials should not be permitted to transgress the laws, than that even all of the malefactors, let alone petty offenders, should be arrested. When officials assume to override the law and do as they please, instead of following and carrying out the law, they pervert the government into one of men and not of laws. It was to the end that our government should be one of laws and not of men—especially of unscrupulous, sensational, or unbalanced men—that it was divided into the three branches, legislative, executive, and judicial, as is expressed in that eloquent clause of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights which Rufus Choate declared could not be read without a “thrill of sublimity,” viz.:

“In the government of this Commonwealth, the Legislative Department shall never exercise the Executive and Judicial powers, or either of them: the Executive shall never exercise the Legislative and Judicial powers, or either of them: the Judicial shall never exercise the Legislative and Executive powers, or either of them: to the end that it may be a government of laws and not of men.”

There are some extraordinary provisions in the charter of the city of New York in respect of the powers and duties of the police. A member of the last commission for the revision thereof, who was probably the ablest man on it, saw and noted their dangerous character, and the gross abuses which could be committed under them; and, no doubt, they will be the subject of further consideration. Section 315 gives the police the power and makes it their duty “at all times of the day and night,” to:

“carefully observe and inspect all places of public amusement, all places of business having excise or other licenses to carry on any business; all houses of ill-fame or prostitution, and houses where common prostitutes resort or reside; all lottery offices, policy shops, and places where lottery tickets or lottery policies are sold or offered for sale; all gambling-houses, cock-pits, rat-pits, and public common dance houses, and to repress and restrain all unlawful and disorderly conduct or practices therein.”

We have here lawful and unlawful businesses and places enumerated in one common class, with a provision that the police shall “carefully observe and inspect them,” and “repress and restrain all unlawful and disorderly conduct or practices therein.” Any one can understand how policemen may be detailed to duty in licensed public places, such as theatres and other places of

public amusement, to "carefully observe and inspect" them, and "repress and restrain all unlawful or disorderly conduct or practices" therein. But does this statute mean, for instance, that policemen may be detailed to do such duty in houses of ill-fame, *i.e.*, to sit or stand about in them, and "carefully observe and inspect them," and keep order in them? If so, was it intended to legalize such places, and put them under the visitation, inspection, and management of the police? It is not for the present writer to express an opinion on that head. The higher courts would probably find no difficulty in construing and limiting this statute; but how those in control of the police would construe it for their purposes is another thing. The community has not understood that such places have been legalized; but that fraction of the community who are observant see very clearly how this rather obscure and confused statute may be used by those in control of the police to assert a right of visitation over such places, and thereby levy an immense blackmail upon them. Under it such places might be and, it is said, have been in effect really licensed by the police authorities, and a vast illegal revenue derived from them and divided among officials and outside politicians. There are persons who believe it was cunningly devised for that very purpose. Do the zealous persons who uphold the police in visiting and intruding themselves into houses without warrants, and want that order of things continued, ever realize what dupes they are, and what a purpose they are serving? If there be anything known to persons familiar with history, and the origin and growth of evils and abuses in government, it is that if those who control the police are suffered to use the police to visit and enter houses at will without warrants, they will accept a weekly or monthly price to stay out, or not to interfere. The lesson derived from experience, and which Anglo-Saxon law and liberty epitomize and teach, is that the place for the police is out of doors, to preserve the public peace and keep outward order and decency, and that they may not enter houses without a warrant in their hands, except in the extreme cases provided for by law—such as when in pursuit of one who is escaping from arrest, or when some one cries out for help therein, and the like. If the simple law in this respect were put in force in the city of New York by a general order to the police force, followed up by a dismissal from the force of every one, high or low, who violated it, the immense system of

police blackmail which is claimed to exist, and which officials bewail that they are unable to cope with, would at once be destroyed. The problem of how to break the alleged alliance between the police and crime would be solved. Whether such an alliance exists is not to be asserted or discussed here.

If the purpose of the provision of the charter cited above is to allow the police to enter houses without warrants, then it is obviously contrary to the prohibition in the Bill of Rights (cited in my former article) against entering and searching houses without a warrant obtained on oath from a magistrate or court.

Section 318 of the charter provides as follows:

"If any two or more householders shall report in writing, under their signature, to the police commissioner or to a deputy police commissioner, that there are good grounds (and stating the same) for believing any house, room or premises within the said city to be kept or used as a common gambling house, common gaming room, or common gaming premises, for therein playing for wagers of money at any game of chance, or to be kept or used for lewd and obscene purposes or amusements, or the deposit or sale of lottery tickets or lottery policies, it shall be lawful for the police commissioner or either of his deputies, or a deputy chief of police to authorize, in writing, any member or members of the police force to enter the same, who may forthwith arrest all persons there found offending against law, but none others; and seize all implements of gaming, or lottery tickets, or lottery policies, and convey any person so arrested before a magistrate, and bring the articles so seized to the office of the property clerk."

This is also contrary to the prohibition in the Bill of Rights already mentioned, which allows a house to be entered only on a warrant, obtained on oath, of a court or magistrate. It purports to permit a house to be entered on the unsworn statement of two householders, and without obtaining a warrant. Its prototype seems to be a temporary law passed by the Legislative Assembly during the French Revolution. It is out of place in the Anglo-Saxon world, and wherever else free government now exists. It is not at all probable that responsible householders could be found who would run the risk of an action for damages for being instrumental in causing a house to be entered in such a loose and extraordinary way. This is probably the reason why the enactment is a dead letter. The possibility exists, however, that, by the police instigating irresponsible householders to act in accordance with its provisions, it may be made an instrument of abuse.

W. J. GAYNOR.

IN THE MATTER OF THE LAWLESSNESS OF THE POLICE—A REPLY TO MR. JUSTICE GAYNOR.

BY HOWARD S. GANS, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN THE
COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

By far the most insidious form of a lie is a half truth told with a false emphasis. Such a lie has all the dangerous charm of a misapplied table of statistics. The public accepts the statistics, and has neither the leisure nor the means to find out wherein they have been misapplied. It is precisely this kind of a lie that Justice Gaynor—unwittingly, of course—has told in his paper published in the REVIEW for January.

Though that paper is entitled "Lawlessness of the Police in New York," he has confined himself to a discussion of the over-zealousness of the police and of others in making arrests, and has not even touched on those serious forms of lawlessness the existence of which all who know anything of the police admit, and the persistence of which may well be regarded as a real source of danger to our institutions.

For the purpose of this discussion, Judge Gaynor's paper may be divided into three parts. First, his discussion of the technical rules of law governing the right to arrest, coupled with the assertion that the police frequently overstep the bounds set by these rules—this constitutes the half truth. Second, the assertion that this abuse of authority is the cause and mainstay of corruption in the police department, and the insistence that these illegal arrests are of a character that constitutes them a serious menace to our institutions. This is the half that is untrue, and, coupled with the title prefixed to the paper, gives the false emphasis which makes the whole in essence untrue. Third, a recital of a specific instance of such abuse of authority, coupled with the expression

of the author's sense of outrage that the flagrant abuse in that specific instance had not resulted in a popular uprising and in the disgrace of the official in question; in regard to which the learned author has been grossly misinformed, and has been led into an attitude of serious error and grave injustice.

I.—THE HALF TRUTH.

As to the law governing the right to arrest, what Judge Gaynor has said, of course, constitutes the truth, as any one may find for himself by consulting our Penal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure, or any elementary work on criminal procedure.

It is also true, in all probability, that arrests are frequently made and that houses are sometimes broken into by the police in excess of authority. A policeman on post is informed that Mulligan has come home drunk, and that there is a likelihood that he will reduce Mrs. Mulligan and the children to mince-meat. The officer happens to know that it is Mulligan's custom thus to divert himself in his cups; that Mulligan's last exhibition of playfulness cost Mrs. Mulligan a month in the hospital and Mulligan six months on the island. The policeman, knowing these trifling details, climbs to the top floor of the tenement, and, finding the door of the Mulligan apartment locked, breaks in, just as Mulligan is about to carry out the promise which for the past half hour he has been making, volubly but incoherently, to kick Mrs. Mulligan into a jelly. The policeman has committed an act of unpardonable lawlessness. He has broken into the castle of a freeman, and has prevented the freeman from manhandling his wife, and from spending six months in jail in consequence thereof. Had he been a faithful servant of the people, and had he observed his sworn duty of upholding the Constitution, he would have waited outside until the freeman had consummated his design, and until he was quite sure that the assault which was being committed was felonious—and not till then would he have invaded the freeman's castle. We have no doubt that it will amaze the unthinking millions of the County of New York to learn that such outrages are committed in the name of the law daily, and that, in spite of these outrages, the respect for the Constitution persists and the ship of state sails serenely on with its rottenness unsuspected even by the rats.

It may be true also, though we believe that it is rarely true,

that, in addition to such outrages as we have described, organized "raids" are sometimes made on houses of prostitution which are being conducted in such fashion as to constitute a public nuisance, and that in such cases arrests have been made promiscuously and without warrants. But we believe that such promiscuous arrests have been infrequent; that the raids have almost always been made under the authority of a warrant of arrest for the alleged proprietor of the place, that the places in which they have been made have uniformly been notorious and unsavory public resorts, and that such arrests as have been made therein without warrants have been made on the theory that all those thus arrested were assisting in committing a public nuisance and were guilty of conduct which outraged public decency.*

We have ventured to insist upon the rarity of arrests of this character in the face of the learned Judge's insistence upon their frequency, because—since from the nature of things there can be no trustworthy statistics on the subject—our own estimate is as authoritative as that of the learned Judge, and because the character of the learned Judge's information with regard to some of the matters as to which he has chosen to be specific, tested by such data as we have at hand, does not impress us with a belief in his infallibility. We are confident, therefore, that a careful investigation of the subject will reveal that abuses of power on the part of the police, in the matter of unlawful arrests, are neither so frequent nor so flagrant as to warrant any serious concern that they are undermining our institutions.

II.—THE ERRONEOUS DEDUCTION.

The learned Judge is of the opinion, however, that these unlawful arrests are threatening our institutions in another direction; that they are the source and mainstay of corruption and blackmail in the police force. If he were right in this conclusion, there could be no doubt that his paper, however ill-considered and unfair in other directions, would still be justified by the importance of the evil that he was pointing out. Plainly, however, he is too far removed from the tangle and muck of the underworld to know the workings of its underground machinery, or he could never have fallen into such an error. Those who are blackmailed pay the police, not for freedom from illegal interference, but for pro-

* See sections 385, 387, 675 of the Penal Code.

tection from legal interference; and, the moment the payment of blackmail ceases, the proprietor of the illegal resort finds his resort suppressed, not by an illegal raid, but by a legal prosecution. This is one of the A. B. C.'s to those who know aught of the police and their methods.

III.—THE FALSE EMPHASIS.

This brings us to the real point of our dissent from the learned Judge's paper. Had his paper been entitled "The Right to Arrest" and had the paper been free from misstatement of modern instances, we should have regarded it as an interesting, popular discussion of elementary principles of law, as little harmful as novel; and though it had contained, as it does contain, what we would have believed, as we do believe, to be gross exaggeration—unwitting, of course—we should have thought that even the eminence of the author would not have required or justified a reply from even so humble a pen as the present writer's. It is the false emphasis conveyed by the title and the reference to specific instances, that make it seem important to refute the article.

And, first, as to the falseness of the emphasis conveyed in the title. By entitling his article "The Lawlessness of the Police," the learned author impliedly asserted that what he would discuss would be the chief element of their lawlessness; that part of their conduct which it behooved the good citizen to scrutinize in order that he might safeguard his own interests. By discussing under that head the occasional illegal arrest, he has lulled the good citizen into security by distracting attention from the true lawlessness of the police,—their systematized corruption and blackmail, their alliance with the keepers of brothels and of gambling houses, their partnership with criminals and their acceptance of the proceeds of thefts and burglaries, their stolid and compact organization for perjury as an offensive and defensive measure. Also, he has actually afforded a new line of defence to the black-mailer.

Heretofore, the great instrument in the hands of those who have undertaken to weed out the corrupt among the police, and thus to institute reform, has been the prosecution, civil and criminal, for neglect of duty. It is rarely possible to prove blackmail, and experience shows that the witnesses by whom it is proved are even more rarely credited by juries. But reputable witnesses can be

adduced to show that duties have been neglected; and convictions can sometimes be had before intelligent juries, and always, when the evidence justifies it, before an honorable police commissioner. Manifestly, the corrupt among the police are always eager for defences to this form of prosecution; and, manifestly, they hail with joy any judicial utterance which emphasizes the difficulties of successful prosecution. Manifestly, too, anything which imposes limitations upon their lawful activities in the suppression of crime tends to increase the plausibility of the excuse always tendered for a failure to suppress an illegal resort, namely, that it has been impossible to do so. Therefore, so much of Judge Gaynor's article as emphasizes the unlawfulness of entry into a house until after a demand for admission has been made and warrant of authority has been shown with great formality and circumstance, will be a boon to any officer who is called upon to explain his failure to carry to a successful issue an attempt to make an arrest of the proprietor of a gambling house or of a house of prostitution. For he has only to say: "I did all the law permitted. But, while I was doing those things Judge Gaynor has said I must do, the criminals escaped over the roof or into the next house or through the yard."

Moreover, the natural result of Judge Gaynor's article will be to inspire the honest policeman with timidity in the performance of his duty. Certainly, no officer desires to call down upon his head such condemnation as the learned Justice has meted out to Inspector Brooks for his raid upon Canfield's; and, certainly, no officer, however zealous, will fail to underestimate, rather than to overestimate, his authority in such a case, when he realizes that by failing to make an arrest he may be called to account solely for mistake of judgment, whereas by making the arrest in excess of his authority he runs the risk of a criminal prosecution.

Had the learned author been in the position of private counsel, retained to prepare a brief for criminals upon their right to avoid and resist arrest, he could have done no greater service to the criminal classes.

IV.—THE PART WHICH IS NOT EVEN HALF TRUE.

Hitherto, we have been discussing the false impressions that result from the half truth and the false emphasis. The article contains, however, that which is entirely false in a cruder sense,

namely, a complete, though, of course, unintentional, misstatement of facts.

In support of his thesis, the learned author has deemed it proper to cite two modern instances; and, though he has omitted names and dates, he has cited them in such detail as to make mistake as to the identity of the persons and places referred to impossible. The first of these is the recent raid on Canfield's gambling house. The second is the shooting of an alleged felon, by a county detective attached to the District Attorney's office, in a raid earlier in the year. It will be conceded by all, we take it, that it is incumbent upon a judicial officer, if in a public utterance he adverts to matters pending in the courts, that he shall confine himself to undisputed facts gathered from sure and impartial sources. With regard to the Canfield incident, the learned author certifies that he has done so and thus adds to the weight which his judicial position gives to the utterance the additional force which comes from the presumption of an impartial investigation by a trained mind. He says:

"All accounts agree as to the particulars of it. And the writer of this article verified them by obtaining a statement from a truthful and careful person who was present throughout."

According to a subsequent statement made by the learned Judge, in his letter to Mr. Jerome, the District Attorney, the "truthful and careful person who was present throughout" was Mr. Canfield's private attorney, than whom no other could have a greater motive to give a biased and colored narrative; and, upon the basis of his *ex parte* statement, the learned Judge has published, over his own signature, a story of the occurrence as to which it is not only not true that "all accounts agree," but which is in direct conflict, in all essential particulars, with the sworn testimony of a number of trustworthy witnesses.

The truth about that raid is as follows: For years it has been well known that No. 5 East 44th Street was being conducted as a gambling house by one Richard A. Canfield; but, since the patrons of that house were of the wealthier class, it was believed that a paid detective or a police officer would find it impossible to get evidence to justify an arrest of the proprietor of the house or of any of his accomplices. Finally, such evidence was obtained and a warrant was issued by a magistrate. This warrant was intrusted to In-

spector Brooks to execute. He was fortified, not only by a warrant for one of the dealers in the house who was charged with the commission of a felony, but also with a search warrant which would justify him in breaking open interior doors and cabinets for the purpose of discovering gambling paraphernalia. Armed with this authority and acting under the instruction of his superior officer, the Commissioner of Police, he went with a squad of men to the neighborhood of No. 5 East 44th Street. He posted his men so as to bar, as far as possible, all avenues of escape. He then tried the outer door of the premises, a heavy, nail-studded, double door. Finding no bell, he knocked and pushed at the door. Receiving no response, he went into the area-way, and rattled an iron gate leading into what are ordinarily the servants' quarters of a house, with such vigor that the noise could be heard two or three doors away. He also pushed an electric button. Again he received no response. Then, finally, he attacked the outer door with a small sledge and gave his officers instructions to seek an entry by the window. These facts have been sworn to in a judicial proceeding by the Inspector and by a number of policemen who were present under his command. We would seem, therefore, to be justified in saying that these are the facts.

Judge Gaynor's account of these occurrences is as follows:

"Several typical instances of the lawless invasion of houses by the police in the City of New York occurred only last month. It will suffice to describe one of them. All accounts agree as to the particulars of it, and the writer of this article verified them by obtaining a statement from a truthful and careful person who was present throughout. The house invaded was said to be a place of private gaming. A large posse of policemen suddenly surrounded it and violently attacked it. They smashed in a window by means of some heavy weapon, and entered pell-mell by the breach thus made, some of them flourishing revolvers and others armed with axes. After entering, the same course of lawless violence was continued. They had a search warrant from a magistrate, but did not act under it in getting in. They did not present it at the door, nor give any notice of it, nor ask for admittance under it (nor at all, for that matter), before breaking in; whereas section 799 of the Code of Criminal Procedure (which only follows the common law) prescribes that an officer having a search warrant may break into the house to be searched only 'if, after notice of his authority and purpose, he be refused admittance'; and section 120 of the Penal Code makes it a criminal offence to exceed the authority which a search warrant confers by law. Their conduct in breaking in was just as lawless as though they had no warrant, because they did not act under the warrant."

The learned writer then proceeds:

"The 'raid,' as it is aptly called (for a lawless word best describes a lawless act), was, according to all accounts, planned and led by the District Attorney of New York County in person—the chief officer elected by the people to guard their rights and liberties, and maintain law and order in the community; but this seems quite incredible. The grand jury was in session, but no inquiry was made by it into the matter; nor did any one in the government of the city call the police to account, or make any protest; nor has any one made any complaint to the Governor of the State to enable him to exercise the constitutional power given to him for investigation, and for redress and relief to the People, in such cases."

In this statement, clearly, there are many errors and not a little unfairness. In the first place, it is said that the place invaded was alleged to be a place of *private* gaming. We are at some loss to know what the learned author may mean by that term. It was not public, to be sure, in the sense that any one might enter, for otherwise it would long since have been suppressed. But it was run by a public gambler for his own gain and for his own gain solely, and it was no more a place of private gaming than is any other gambling hell in the City of New York.

Secondly, since the Inspector had a warrant of arrest for a felon supposed to be upon the premises—a fact of which the learned author was in ignorance—it was, manifestly, but proper that he should take with him a posse of police and that he should surround the place to prevent escape.

Thirdly, the violence of the attack consisted, according to all accounts, in the striking of the door with a small sledge, the accidental breaking of a window by a ladder which was being raised for the purpose of seeking entrance through the window, and, perhaps, the unnecessary flourishing of a revolver by some over-zealous officer.

Fourthly, no force was used at all until repeated efforts had been made to gain admittance to the house in the ordinary way.

Fifthly, as to the "course of lawless violence pursued after entering the house," it may suffice to say that, at the close of the proceeding, Mr. Canfield thanked the Inspector for the courtesy that had been displayed, and that in the criminal proceedings subsequently instituted, counsel for the complainant (Mr. Canfield's manager) expressly disclaimed any complaint based on that which occurred after the entrance had been effected.

It is obvious, therefore, that, as to this incident, the learned author has been seriously misinformed, and that the Inspector complied not only with the spirit but with the very letter of the law—unless it shall be contended that an officer, armed with criminal process to apprehend a felon, need stand in the middle of the street and read his warrant to the bare walls, when once he has made reasonable efforts to obtain admittance and when no one has come to the door in response to those efforts.

As to the second incident to which Judge Gaynor refers, he says:

“In a similar raid not long ago, a retainer or officer of the District Attorney’s office shot down a man. He has not been tried for it nor even indicted, although no lawful cause or justification for his act is known to the public.”

As to this, it may, perhaps, suffice to say that officers employed by the District Attorney, lawfully engaged in executing a warrant, were shot at by persons whom they were endeavoring to arrest for complicity in a felony. One of these officers returned the fire, and a man was wounded. The officer who did the shooting was arrested and has been held for the action of the grand jury. The District Attorney, believing, for obvious reasons, that he ought not to conduct the case, has asked the Attorney-General to undertake the prosecution. These facts have all been published widely in the newspapers, and the learned author was, therefore, grossly misinformed when he was told that no lawful cause or justification for the act was known to the public.

V.—OF CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.

Clearly, therefore, the learned author is flagrantly at fault in his facts. Were he an ordinary citizen, this would be, perhaps, no very grave matter; but he is a Judge of our court of highest original jurisdiction, an officer of great power, a personage of immense influence for good or ill; at the very least, a distinguished member of the community; and, merely by reason of his influence and his distinction, it is a grave thing to any man that this judicial officer should write for publication in condemnation of his acts. But the thing has a still graver aspect. At the time when Judge Gaynor’s paper appeared, there was pending in the magistrate’s court a prosecution of Inspector Brooks, upon precisely the lines suggested in that paper, founded upon the sec-

tions of the law therein quoted, instituted, perhaps, after the interview between Judge Gaynor and that "truthful and careful person," Mr. Canfield's attorney—at all events, instigated and prosecuted by Mr. Canfield's manager, Mr. Bucklin, and conducted by his private attorneys.

Shortly after Judge Gaynor's article appeared, the magistrate before whom the hearing was pending held Inspector Brooks for trial.

Speaking of constitutional rights, it is, perhaps, not one of the least important safeguards of our system of government that no man shall be condemned unheard; nor is it one of the least honored or honorable of the traditions of our judiciary that a judicial officer shall not express in public an opinion as to matters pending before the courts, since his opinion may have weight in determining the matter thus pending, and since thus a man may be in a measure deprived of his liberty or of his property without his day in court, and in spirit at least be deprived of his liberty or his property without due process of law.

We venture to say, therefore, that this magazine article, issued over the signature of a judge of the Supreme Court and condemning unheard two men accused of serious crimes, constitutes a greater offence against the spirit of our institutions than a thousand unwarranted arrests by the police.

It has been with some hesitation that we have undertaken this reply to Judge Gaynor's paper, because we realized that the reply, if made, involved plain speaking with regard to one who held a judicial office. It involved, therefore, an attitude that might be construed as a lack of reverence for the bench. On reflection, however, we have concluded that the character of our bench is such, and the respect it has earned is so deep-rooted, that no public interests demand that a judicial officer shall be shielded from adverse criticism, based upon and merited by a non-judicial act.

HOWARD S. GANS.

THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART II.

IV.

THOSE occasions on which Strether was, in association with the exile from Milrose, to see the sacred rage glimmer through would doubtless have their due periodicity; but our friend had meanwhile to find names for many other matters. On no evening of his life perhaps, as he reflected, had he had to supply so many as on the third of his short stay in London; an evening spent, by Miss Gostrey's side, at one of the theatres, to which he had found himself transported, without his own hand raised, on the mere expression of a conscientious wonder. She knew her theatre, she knew her play, as she had known, triumphantly, for three days, everything else, and the moment filled to the brim, for her companion, that apprehension of the interesting which, whether or no the interesting happened to filter through his guide, strained now to its limits his brief opportunity. Waymarsh had not come with them; he had seen plays enough, he signified, before Strether had joined him—an affirmation that had its full force when his friend ascertained by questions that he had seen two and a circus. Questions as to what he had seen had on him indeed an effect only less favorable than questions as to what he hadn't. He liked the former to be discriminated; but how could it be done, Strether asked of their constant counsellor, without discriminating the latter?

Miss Gostrey had dined with him at his hotel, face to face over a small table on which the lighted candles had rose-colored shades; and the rose-colored shades and the small table and the soft fragrance of the lady—had anything to his mere sense ever been so soft?—were so many touches in he scarce knew what positive high picture. He had been to the theatre, even to the opera, in Boston, with Mrs. Newsome, and been more than once her only escort; but there had been no little confronted dinner, no pink lights, no whiff of vague sweetness, as a preliminary: one of the results of which fact was that at present, mildly rueful, though with a sharpish accent, he actually asked himself *why* there hadn't. There was much

the same difference in his impression of the noticed state of his companion, whose dress was "cut down," as he believed the term to be, in respect to shoulders and bosom, in a manner quite other than Mrs. Newsome's and who wore round her throat a broad red velvet band with an antique jewel—he was rather complacently sure it was antique—attached to it in front. Mrs. Newsome's dress was never in any degree "cut down," and she never wore round her throat a broad red velvet band: if she had, moreover, would it ever have served so to carry and complicate, as he now almost felt, his vision?

It would have been absurd of him to trace into ramifications the effect of the ribbon from which Miss Gostrey's trinket depended, had he not, for the hour, at the best, been so given over to uncontrolled perceptions. What was it but an uncontrolled perception that his friend's velvet band somehow added, in her appearance, to the value of every other item—to that of her smile and of the way she carried her head, to that of her complexion, of her lips, her teeth, her eyes, her hair? What, certainly, had a man conscious of a man's work in the world to do with red velvet bands? He wouldn't, for anything, have so exposed himself as to tell Miss Gostrey how much he liked hers; yet he *had*, none the less, not only caught himself in the act—frivolous, no doubt, idiotic, and above all unexpected—of liking it: he had, in addition, taken it as a starting-point for fresh backward, fresh forward, fresh lateral flights. The manner in which Mrs. Newsome's throat *was* encircled suddenly represented for him, in an alien order, almost as many things as the manner in which Miss Gostrey's was. Mrs. Newsome wore, at operatic hours, a black silk dress—very handsome, he knew it was "handsome"—and an ornament that his memory was able further to identify as a *ruche*. He had his association indeed with the *ruche*, but it was rather imperfectly romantic. He had once said to the wearer—and it was as "free" a remark as he had ever made to her—that she looked, with her ruff and other matters, like Queen Elizabeth; and it had after this, in truth, been his fancy that, as a consequence of that tenderness and an acceptance of the idea, the form of this special tribute to the "frill" had grown slightly more marked. The connection, as he sat there and let his imagination roam, was to strike him as vaguely pathetic; but there it all was, and pathetic was doubtless, in the conditions, the best thing it could possibly be. It had existed, assuredly, at any rate; for it seemed now to come over him that no gentleman of his age, at Woollett, could ever, to a lady of Mrs. Newsome's, which was not much less than his, have embarked on such a simile.

All sorts of things in fact now seemed to come over him, comparatively few of which his chronicler can hope for space to mention. It came over him for instance that Miss Gostrey looked perhaps like Mary Stuart: Lambert Strether had a candor of fancy which could rest for an instant gratified in such an antithesis. It came

over him that never before—no, literally, never—had a lady dined with him at a public place before going to the play. The publicity of the place was just, in the matter, for Strether, the rare, strange thing; it affected him almost as the achievement of privacy might have affected a man of a different experience. He had married, in the far-away years, so young as to have missed the natural time, in Boston, for taking girls to the Museum; and it was absolutely true of him that—even after the close of the period of conscious detachment occupying the centre of his life, the gray middle desert of the two deaths, that of his wife and that, ten years later, of his boy—he had never taken any one anywhere. It came over him in especial—though the monition had, as happened, already sounded, fitfully gleamed, in other forms—that the business he had come out on had not yet been so brought home to him as by the sight of the people about him. She gave him the impression, his friend, at first, more straight than he got it for himself—gave it simply by saying with off-hand illumination: “Oh yes, they’re types!”—but after he had taken it he made to the full, both while he kept silence for the four acts and while he talked in the intervals, his own use of it. It was an evening, it was a world of types, and this was a connection, above all, in which the figures and faces in the stalls were interchangeable with those on the stage.

He felt as if the play itself penetrated him with the naked elbow of his neighbor, a great stripped, handsome, red-haired lady, who conversed with a gentleman on her other side in stray dissyllables which had for his ear, in the oddest way in the world, so much sound that he wondered they hadn’t more sense; and he recognized by the same law, beyond the footlights, what he was pleased to take for the very flush of English life. He had distracted drops in which he couldn’t have said if it were actors or auditors who were most true, and the upshot of which, each time, was the consciousness of new contacts. However he viewed his job, it was “types” he should have to tackle. Those before him and around him were not as the types of Woollett, where, for that matter, it had begun to seem to him that there must only have been the male and the female. These made two exactly, even with the individual varieties. Here, on the other hand, apart from the personal and the sexual range—which might be greater or less—a series of strong stamps had been applied, as it were, from without; stamps that his observation played with as, before a glass case on a table, it might have passed from medal to medal and from copper to gold. It befell that in the drama, precisely, there was a bad woman, in a yellow frock, who made a pleasant, weak, good-looking young man, in perpetual evening dress, do the most dreadful things. Strether felt himself, on the whole, not afraid of the yellow frock, but he was vaguely anxious over a certain kindness into which he found himself drifting for its victim. He hadn’t come out, he reminded himself, to be too kind, or indeed to be kind at all, to Chadwick New-

some. Would Chad also be in perpetual evening dress? He somehow rather hoped it—it seemed so to add to *this* young man's general amenability; though he wondered too if, to fight him with his own weapons, he himself (a thought almost startling,) would have likewise to be. This young man, furthermore, would have been much more easy to handle—at least for *him*—than appeared probable in respect to Chad.

It came up for him with Miss Gostrey that there were things of which she would really perhaps, after all, have heard; and she admitted when a little pressed that she was never quite sure of what she heard as distinguished from things such as, on occasions like the present, she only extravagantly guessed. "I seem, with this freedom, you see, to have guessed Mr. Chad. He's a young man on whose head, at Woollett, high hopes are placed, whom a wicked woman has got hold of, and whom his family, over there, have sent you out to rescue. You've accepted the mission of separating him from the wicked woman. Are you quite sure she's very bad for him?"

Something in his manner showed it as quite pulling him up. "Of course we are. Wouldn't *you* be?"

"Oh, I don't know. One never does—does one?—beforehand. One can only judge on the facts. Yours are quite new to me; I'm really not in the least, as you see, in possession of them; so it will be awfully interesting to have them from you. If you're satisfied, that's all that's required. I mean if you're sure that you *are* sure: sure that it won't do."

"That he should lead such a life? Rather!"

"Oh, but I don't know, you see, about his life; you've not told me about his life. She may be charming—his life!"

"Charming?"—Strether stared before him. "She's base, venal—out of the streets."

"I see. And *he*—?"

"Chad, wretched boy?"

"Of what type and temper is he?" she went on as Strether had hesitated.

"Well—the obstinate." It was as if for a moment he had been going to say more and had then controlled himself.

That was scarce what she wished. "Do you like him?"

This time he was prompt. "No. How *can* I?"

"Do you mean because of your being so saddled with him?"

"I'm thinking of his mother," said Strether after a moment. "He has darkened her admirable life." He spoke with austerity. "He has worried her half to death."

"Oh, that's of course odious." She had a pause as if for renewed emphasis of this truth, but it ended on another note. "Is her life very admirable?"

"Extraordinarily."

There was so much in the tone that Miss Gostrey had to devote

another pause to the appreciation of it. "And has he only *her*? I don't mean the bad woman in Paris," she quickly added—"for I assure you I shouldn't, even at the best, be disposed to allow him more than one. But has he only his mother?"

"He has also a sister, older than himself and married; and they're both remarkably fine women."

"Very handsome, you mean?"

This promptitude—almost, as he might have thought, this precipitation, gave him a brief drop; but he came up again. "Mrs. Newsome, I think, is handsome, though she's not, of course, with a son of twenty-eight and a daughter of thirty, in her very first youth. She married, however, extremely young."

"And is wonderful," Miss Gostrey asked, "for her age?"

Strether seemed to feel with a certain disquiet the pressure of it. "I don't say she's wonderful. Or rather," he went on the next moment, "I do say it. It's exactly what she *is*—wonderful. But I wasn't thinking of her appearance," he explained—"striking as that doubtless is. I was thinking—well, of many other things." He seemed to look at these as if to mention some of them; then took, pulling himself up, another turn. "About Mrs. Pocock people may differ."

"Is that the daughter's name—'Pocock'?"

"That's the daughter's name," Strether sturdily confessed.

"And people may differ, you mean, about *her* beauty?"

"About everything."

"But *you* admire her?"

He gave his friend a glance as to show how he could bear this. "I'm perhaps a little afraid of her."

"Oh," said Miss Gostrey, "I see her from here! You may say then I see very fast and very far, but I've already shown you I do. The young man and the two ladies," she went on, "are at any rate all the family?"

"Quite all. His father has been dead ten years, and there's no brother, nor any other sister. They'd do," said Strether, "anything in the world for him."

"And you'd do anything in the world for *them*?"

He shifted again; she had made it perhaps just a shade too affirmative for his nerves. "Oh, I don't know!"

"You'd do at any rate this, and the 'anything' they'd do is represented by their *making* you do it."

"Ah, they couldn't have come—either of them. They're very busy people, and Mrs. Newsome, in particular, has a large, full life. She's moreover highly nervous—and she's not strong."

"You mean she's a bad invalid?"

He carefully distinguished. "There's nothing she likes less than to be called one. But she's delicate, sensitive, high-strung. She puts so much of herself into everything—"

Ah, Maria knew these things. "That she has nothing left for any-

thing else? Of course she hasn't. To whom do you say it? High-strung? Don't I spend my life, for them, jamming down the pedal? I see moreover how it has told on you."

Strether took this more lightly. "Oh, I jam down the pedal too!"

"Well," she lucidly returned, "we must from this moment bear on it together with all our might." And she reappeared further on. "Have they money?"

But it was as if, while her energetic image still held him, her inquiry fell short. "Mrs. Newsome," he wished further to explain, "hasn't moreover your courage on the question of contact. If she had come it would have been to see the person herself."

"The woman? Ah, but that's courage."

"No—it's exaltation, which is a very different thing. Courage," he, however, accommodately threw out, "is what *you* have."

She shook her head. "You say that only to patch me up—to cover the nudity of my want of exaltation. I've neither the one nor the other. I've mere battered indifference. I see that what you mean," Miss Gostrey pursued, "is that if your friend *had* come she would take great views, and the great views, to put it simply, would be too much for her."

Strether looked amused at her notion of the simple, but he adopted her formula. "Everything's too much for her."

"Ah then, such a service as this of yours—"

"Is more for her than anything else? Yes—far more. But so long as it isn't too much for *me*—!"

"Her condition doesn't matter? Surely not; we leave her condition out; we take it, that is, for granted. I see it, her condition, as behind and beneath you; yet at the same time I see it as bearing you up."

"Oh, it does bear me up!" Strether laughed.

"Well then, as yours bears *me*, nothing more is needed." With which she put again her question. "Has Mrs. Newsome money?"

This time he heeded. "Oh, plenty. That's the root of the evil. There's money, in quantities, in the concern. Chad has had the free use of a great deal. But if he'll pull himself together and come home, all the same, he'll find his account in it."

She had listened with all her interest. "And I hope to goodness you'll find yours!"

"He'll take up his definite material reward," said Strether without acknowledgment of this. "He's at the parting of the ways. He can come into the business now—he can't come later."

"Is there a business?"

"Lord, yes—a big, brave, bouncing business. A roaring trade."

"A great shop?"

"Yes—a workshop; a great production, a great industry. The concern's a manufacture—and a manufacture that, if it's only properly looked after, may well be on the way to become a monopoly."

It's a little thing they make—make better, it appears, than other people can, or than other people, at any rate, do. Mr. Newsome, being a man of ideas, at least in that particular line," Strether explained, "put them on it with great effect, and gave the place altogether, in his time, an immense lift."

"It's a place in itself?"

"Well, quite a number of buildings; almost a little industrial colony. But above all it's a thing. The article produced."

"And what *is* the article produced?"

Strether looked about him as in slight reluctance to say; then the curtain, which he saw about to rise, came to his aid. "I'll tell you next time." But when the next time came he only said he would tell her later on—after they should have left the theatre; for she had immediately reverted to their topic, and even for himself the picture of the stage was now overlaid with another image. His postponements, however, made her wonder—wonder if the article referred to were anything bad. And she explained that she meant improper or ridiculous or wrong. But Strether, so far as that went, could satisfy her. "Unmentionable? Oh no, we constantly talk of it; we are quite familiar and brazen about it. Only, as a small, trivial, rather ridiculous object of the commonest domestic use, it's rather wanting in—what shall I say? Well, dignity, or the least approach to distinction. Just here, therefore, with everything about us so grand—!" In short he shrank.

"It's a false note?"

"Sadly. It's vulgar."

"But surely not vulgarer than this." Then on his wondering as she herself had done: "Than everything about us." She seemed a trifle irritated. "What do you take this for?"

"Why, for—comparatively—divine!"

"This dreadful London theatre? It's impossible, if you really want to know."

"Oh then," laughed Strether, "I *don't* really want to know!"

It made between them a pause, which, she, however, still fascinated by the mystery of the production at Woollett, presently broke. "Rather ridiculous? Clothes-pins? Saleratus? Shoe-polish?"

It brought him round. "No—you don't even 'burn.' I don't think, you know, you'll guess it."

"How then can I judge how vulgar it is?"

"You'll judge when I do tell you"—and he persuaded her to patience. But it may even now frankly be mentioned that he, in the sequel, never *was* to tell her. He actually never did so, and it moreover oddly occurred that, by the law, within her, of the incalculable, her desire for the information dropped, and her attitude to the question converted itself into a positive cultivation of ignorance. In ignorance she could humor her fancy, and that proved a useful freedom. She could treat the little nameless object as indeed unnameable—she could make their abstention enormously

definite. There might indeed have been for Strether the portent of this in what she next said.

"Is it perhaps then because it's so bad—because your industry, as you call it, is so vulgar—that Mr. Chad won't come back? Does he feel the taint? Is he staying away not to be mixed up in it?"

"Oh," Strether laughed, "it wouldn't appear—would it—that he feels 'taints'! He's glad enough of the money from it, and the money's his whole basis. There's appreciation in that—I mean as to the allowance his mother has hitherto made him. She has of course the resource of cutting this allowance off; but even then he has, unfortunately, and on no small scale, in money left him by his grandfather, her own father, his independent supply."

"Wouldn't the fact you mention then," Miss Gostrey asked, "make it, precisely, more easy for him to be particular? Isn't he conceivable as fastidious about the source—the apparent and public source—of his income?"

Strether was able quite good-humoredly to entertain the proposition. "The source of his grandfather's wealth—and thereby of his own share in it—was not particularly noble."

"And what source was it?"

Strether hesitated. "Well—practices."

"In business? Infamies? He was an old swindler?"

"Oh," Strether said with more emphasis than spirit, "I sha'n't describe *him* nor narrate his exploits."

"Lord, what abysses! And the late Mr. Newsome then?"

"Well, what about him?"

"Was he like the grandfather?"

"No—he was on the other side of the house. And he was different."

Miss Gostrey kept it up. "Better?"

Her friend for a moment hung fire. "No."

Her comment on his hesitation was scarce the less marked for being mute. "Thank you. *Now* don't you see," she went on, "why the boy doesn't come home? He's drowning his shame."

"His shame? What shame?"

"What shame? *Comment donc?* The shame."

"But where and when," Strether asked, "is '*the shame*'—where is any shame—to-day? The men I speak of—they did as every one does; and—besides being ancient history—it was all a matter of appreciation."

She showed how she understood. "Mrs. Newsome has appreciated?"

"Ah, I can't speak for *her*!"

"In the midst of such doings—and, as I understand you, profiting by them, she at least has remained exquisite?"

"Oh, I can't talk of *her*!" Strether said.

"I thought she was just what you *could* talk of. You *don't* trust me," Miss Gostrey after a moment declared.

It had its effect. "Well, her money is spent, her life conceived and carried on with a large beneficence—"

"That's a kind of expiation of wrongs? Gracious," she added before he could speak, "how intensely you make me see her!"

"If you see her," Strether dropped, "it's all that's necessary."

She really seemed to have her. "I feel that. She *is*, in spite of everything, handsome."

This at least enlivened him. "What do you mean by everything?"

"Well, I mean *you*." With which she had one of her swift changes of ground. "You say the concern needs looking after; but doesn't Mrs. Newsome look after it?"

"So far as possible. She's wonderfully able, but it's not her affair, and her life's a good deal overcharged. She has many, many things."

"And you also?"

"Oh yes—I've many too, if you will."

"I see. But what I mean is," Miss Gostrey amended, "do you also look after the business?"

"Oh no, I don't touch the business."

"Only everything else?"

"Well, yes—some things."

"As for instance—?"

Strether obligingly thought. "Well, the Review."

"The Review?—you have a Review?"

"Certainly, Woollett has a Review—which Mrs. Newsome, for the most part, magnificently pays for, and which I, not at all magnificently, edit. My name's on the cover," Strether pursued, "and I'm really rather disappointed and hurt that you seem never to have heard of it."

She neglected for a moment this grievance. "And what kind of a Review is it?"

His serenity was now completely restored. "Well, it's green."

"Do you mean in political color as they say here?—in thought."

"No; I mean the cover's green—of the most lovely shade."

"And with Mrs. Newsome's name on it too?"

He hesitated. "Oh, as for that, you must judge if she peeps out. She's behind the whole thing; but she's of a delicacy and a discretion—!"

Miss Gostrey took it all. "I'm sure. She *would* be. I don't underrate her. She must be rather a swell."

"Oh yes, she's rather a swell!"

"A Woollett swell—*bon!* I like the idea of a Woollett swell. And you must be rather one too, to be so mixed up with her."

"Ah no," said Strether, "that's not the way it works."

But she had already taken him up. "The way it works—you needn't tell me!—is of course that you efface yourself."

"With my name on the cover?" he lucidly objected.

"Ah, but you don't put it on for yourself."

"I beg your pardon—that's exactly what I do put it on for. It's exactly the thing that I'm reduced to doing for myself. It seems to rescue, a little, you see, from the wreck of hopes and ambitions, the refuse-heap of disappointments and failures, my one presentable little scrap of an identity."

She looked at him an instant, on this, as if to say many things; but what she at last simply said was: "She likes to see it there. You're the bigger swell of the two," she immediately continued, "because you think you're not one. She thinks she is one. However," Miss Gostrey added, "she thinks you're one too. You're at all events the biggest she can get hold of." She embroidered, she abounded. "I don't say it to interfere between you, but on the day she gets hold of a bigger one—!" Strether had thrown back his head as in silent mirth over something that struck him in her audacity or felicity; and her flight, meanwhile, was already higher. "Therefore close with her—!"

"Close with her?" he asked as she seemed to hang poised.

"Before you lose your chance."

Their eyes, with it, met a moment. "What do you mean by closing?"

"And what do I mean by your chance? I'll tell you when you tell me all the things *you* don't. Is it her *greatest* fad?" she briskly pursued.

"The Review?" He seemed to wonder how he could best describe it. This resulted, however, but in a sketch. "It's her tribute to the ideal."

"I see. You go in for tremendous things."

"We go in for the unpopular side—that is so far as we dare."

"And how far *do* you dare?"

"Well, she very far. I much less. I don't begin to have her faith. She provides," said Strether, "three-fourths of that. And she provides, as I've confided to you, *all* the money."

It evoked somehow a vision of gold that held for a little Miss Gostrey's eyes, and she looked as if she heard the bright dollars shovelled in. "I hope then you make a good thing—"

"I *never* made a good thing!" he promptly declared.

She just waited. "Don't you call it a good thing to be loved?"

"Oh, we're not loved. We're not even hated. We're only just sweetly ignored."

She had another pause. "You don't trust me!" she repeated.

"Don't I when I lift the last veil?—tell you the very secret of the prison-house?"

Again she met his eyes, but with the result that, after an instant, her own turned away with impatience. "You don't sell? Oh, I'm glad of *that*!" After which, however, and before he could protest, she was off again. "She's just a *moral* swell."

He accepted gayly enough the definition. "Yes—I really think that describes her."

But it had for his friend the oddest connection. "How does she do her hair?"

He laughed out. "Beautifully!"

"Ah, that doesn't tell me. However, it doesn't matter—I know. It's tremendously neat—a real reproach; quite remarkably thick and without, as yet, a single strand of white. There!"

He blushed for her realism, but he gaped at her truth. "You're the very deuce."

"What else *should* I be? It was as the very deuce I pounced upon you. But don't let it trouble you, for everything but the very deuce—at our age—is a bore and a delusion, and even he himself, after all, but half a joy." With which, on a single sweep of her wing, she resumed. "You assist her to expiate—which is rather hard when you've yourself not sinned."

"It's she who has not sinned," Strether returned. "I've sinned the most."

"Ah," Miss Gostrey cynically laughed, "what a picture of *her*! Have you robbed the widow and the orphan?"

"I've sinned enough," said Strether.

"Enough for whom? Enough for what?"

"Well, to be where I am."

"Thank you!" They were disturbed at this moment by the passage between their knees and the back of the seats before them of a gentleman who had been absent during a part of the performance and who now returned for the close; but the interruption left Miss Gostrey time, before the subsequent hush, to express as a sharp finality her sense of the moral of all their talk. "I knew you had something up your sleeve!" This finality, however, left them, in its turn, at the end of the play, as disposed to hang back as if they had still much to say; so that they easily agreed to let every one go before them—they found an interest in waiting. They made out from the lobby that the night had turned to rain; yet Miss Gostrey let her friend know that he was not to see her home. He was simply to put her, by herself, into a four-wheeler; she liked so, in London, of wet nights, after wild pleasures, thinking things over, on the return, in lonely four-wheelers. This was her great time, she intimated, for pulling herself together. The delays caused by the weather, the struggle for vehicles at the door, gave them occasion to subside on a divan at the back of the vestibule and just beyond the reach of the fresh, damp gusts from the street. Here Strether's comrade resumed that free handling of the subject to which his own imagination of it already owed so much.

"Does your young friend in Paris like you?"

It had almost, after the interval, startled him. "Oh, I hope not! Why *should* he?"

"Why shouldn't he?" Miss Gostrey asked. "That you're coming down on him need have nothing to do with it."

"You see more in it," he presently returned, "than I."

"Of course I see *you* in it."

"Well then, you see more in me!"

"Than you see in yourself? Very likely. That's always one's right. What I was thinking of," she explained, "is the possible particular effect on him of his *milieu*."

"Oh, his *milieu*—!" Strether really felt that he could now imagine it better than three hours before.

"Do you mean it can only have been so lowering?"

"Why, that's my very starting-point."

"Yes, but you start so far back. What do his letters say?"

"Nothing. He ignores us—or spares us. He doesn't write."

"I see. But there are, all the same," she went on, "two quite distinct things that—given the wonderful place he's in—may have happened to him. One is that he may have got brutalized. The other is that he may have got refined."

Strether stared—this *was* a novelty. "Refined?"

"Oh," she said quietly, "there *are* refinements."

The way of it made him, after looking at her, break into a laugh.

"*You* have them!"

"As one of the signs," she continued in the same tone, "they constitute perhaps the worst."

He thought it over, and his gravity returned. "Is it a refinement not to answer his mother's letters?"

She hesitated. "Oh, I should say the greatest of all."

"Well," said Strether, "*I'm* quite content to let it, as one of the signs, pass for the worst that I know he believes he can do what he likes with me."

This appeared to strike her. "How do you know it?"

"Oh, I know it. I feel it in my bones."

"Feel that he *can* do it?"

"Feel that he believes he can. It may come to the same thing!" Strether laughed.

She wouldn't, however, have this. "Nothing, with you, will ever come to the same thing as anything else." And she understood what she meant, it seemed, sufficiently to go straight on. "You say that if he does break he'll come in for things at home?"

"Quite positively. He'll come in for a particular chance—a chance that any properly constituted young man would jump at. The business has so developed that an opening that scarcely existed three years ago, but which his father's will took account of as, in certain conditions, possible, attaching to Chad's availing himself of it a large contingent advantage—this opening, the conditions having come about, now simply waits for him. His mother has kept it for him, holding out against strong pressure, till the last possible moment. It requires, naturally, as it carries with it a handsome 'part,' a large share in profits, his being on the spot and making a big effort for a big result. That's what I mean by his chance. If he misses it he comes in, as you say, for nothing. And

to see that he doesn't miss it is, in a word, what I've come out for."

She let it all sink in. "What you've come out for then is simply to render him an immense service."

Poor Strether was willing to take it so. "Ah—if you like."

"He stands, as they say, if you succeed with him, to gain—"

"Oh, a lot of advantages." Strether had them, clearly, at his fingers' ends.

"By which you mean, of course, a lot of money."

"Well, not only. I'm acting with a sense, for him, of other things too. Consideration and comfort and security—the general safety of being anchored by a strong chain. He wants, as I see him, to be protected. Protected, I mean, from life."

"Ah *voilà!*"—her thought fitted with a click. "From life. What you *really* want to get him home for is to marry him."

"Well, that's about the size of it."

"Of course," she said, "it's rudimentary. But to any one in particular?"

He smiled at this—he looked a little more conscious. "You get everything out."

For a moment again their eyes met. "You put everything in!"

He acknowledged the tribute by telling her. "To Mamie Pocock."

She wondered; then gravely, even exquisitely, as if to make the oddity also fit: "His own niece?"

"Oh, you must yourself find a name for the relation. His brother-in-law's sister. Mrs. Jim's sister-in-law."

It seemed to have on Miss Gostrey a certain hardening effect.

"And who in the world's Mrs. Jim?"

"Chad's sister—who was Sarah Newsome. She's married—didn't I mention it?—to Jim Pocock."

"Ah yes," she tacitly replied; but he had mentioned things—! Then, however, with all the sound it could have, "Who in the world's Jim Pocock?" she asked.

"Why, Sally's husband. That's the only way we distinguish people at Woollett," he good-humoredly explained.

"And is it a great distinction—being Sally's husband?"

He considered. "I think there can be scarcely a greater—unless it may become one, in the future, to be Chad's wife."

"Then how do they distinguish *you*?"

"They *don't*—except, as I've told you, by the green cover."

Once more their eyes met on it, and she held him an instant.

"The green cover won't—nor will *any* cover—avail you with *me*. You're of a depth of duplicity!" Still, she could in her own large grasp of truth condone it. "Is Mamie a great *parti*?"

"Oh, the greatest we have—our prettiest, brightest girl."

Miss Gostrey seemed to fix the poor child. "I know what they *can* be. And with money?"

"Not perhaps with a great deal of that—but with so much of

everything else that we don't miss it. We *don't* miss money much, you know," Strether added, "in general, in America, in pretty girls."

"No," she conceded; "but I know also what you do sometimes miss. And do you," she asked, "yourself admire her?"

It was a question, he indicated, that there might be several ways of taking; but he decided after an instant for the humorous. "Haven't I sufficiently showed you how I admire *any* pretty girl?"

Her interest in his problem was, however, by this time such that it scarce left her freedom, and she kept close to the facts. "I supposed that at Woollett you wanted them—what shall I call it?—blameless. I mean your young men for your pretty girls."

"So did I!" Strether confessed. "But you strike there a curious fact—the fact that Woollett too accommodates itself to the spirit of the age and the increasing mildness of manners. Everything changes, and I hold that our situation precisely marks a date. We *should* prefer them blameless, but we have to make the best of them as we find them. Since the spirit of the age and the increasing mildness send them so much more to Paris—"

"You've to take them back as they come. When they *do* come. *Bon!*" Once more she embraced it all, but she had a moment of thought. "Poor Chad!"

"Ah," said Strether cheerfully, "Mamie will save him!"

She was looking away, still in her vision, and she spoke with impatience and almost as if he hadn't understood her. "*You'll* save him. That's who'll save him."

"Oh, but with Mamie's aid. Unless indeed you mean," he added, "that I shall effect so much more with yours!"

It made her at last again look at him. "You'll do more—as you're so much better—than all of us put together."

"I think I'm only better since I've known *you!*" Strether bravely returned.

The depletion of the place, the shrinkage of the crowd and now comparatively quiet withdrawal of its last elements had already brought them nearer the door and put them in relation with a messenger of whom he bespoke Miss Gostrey's cab. But this left them a few minutes more, which she was clearly in no mood not to use. "You've spoken to me of what—by your success—Mr. Chad stands to gain. But you've not spoken to me of what you do."

"Oh, I've nothing more to gain," said Strether very simply.

She took it as even quite too simple. "You mean you've got it all 'down'? You've been paid in advance?"

"Ah, don't talk about payment!" he murmured.

Something in the tone of it pulled her up, but as their messenger still delayed she had another chance and she put it in another way. "What—by failure—do you stand to lose?"

He still, however, wouldn't have it. "Nothing!" he exclaimed, and on the messenger's at this instant reappearing he was able to sink the subject in their responsive advance. When, a few steps

up the street, under a lamp, he had put her into her four-wheeler and she had asked him if the man had called for him no second conveyance, he replied before the door was closed. "You won't take me with you?"

"Not for the world."

"Then I shall walk."

"In the rain?"

"I like the rain," said Strether. "Good-night!"

She kept him a moment, while his hand was on the door, by not answering; after which she answered by repeating her question. "What do you stand to lose?"

Why the question now affected him as other he couldn't have said; he could only, this time, meet it otherwise. "Everything."

"So I thought. Then you shall succeed. And to that end I'm yours—"

"Ah, dear lady!" he kindly breathed.

"Till death!" said Maria Gostrey. "Good-night."

V.

STRETHER called, his second morning in Paris, on the bankers, in the Rue Scribe, to whom his letter of credit was addressed, and he made this visit attended by Waymarsh, in whose company he had crossed from London two days before. They had hastened to the Rue Scribe on the morrow of their arrival, but Strether had not then found the letters the hope of which prompted this errand. He had had as yet none at all; had not expected them in London, but had counted on several in Paris, and now, disconcerted, had presently strolled back to the Boulevard with a sense of injury which he presently felt himself taking for as good a start as any other. It would serve, this spur to his spirit, he reflected, as, pausing at the top of the street, he looked up and down the great foreign avenue, it would serve to begin business with. His idea was to begin business immediately, and it did much for him the rest of that day that the beginning of business awaited him. He did little else, till night, but ask himself what he should do if he had not fortunately had so much to do; but he put himself the question in many different situations and connections. What carried him hither and yon was an admirable theory that nothing he could do would not be in some manner related to what he fundamentally had on hand, or *would* be—should he happen to have a scruple—wasted for it. He did happen to have a scruple—a scruple about taking no definite step till he should get letters; but this reasoning carried it off. A single day to feel his feet—he had felt them as yet only at Chester and in London—was, he could consider, none too much; and having, as he had often privately expressed it, Paris to reckon with, he threw these hours of freshness consciously into the reckoning. They made it continually greater, but that was what it

had best be if it was to be anything at all, and he gave himself up till far into the evening, at the theatre and on the return, after the theatre, along the bright, congested Boulevard, to feeling it grow. Waymarsh had accompanied him this time to the play, and the two men had walked together, as a first stage, from the Gymnase to the Café Riche, into the crowded "terrace" of which establishment—the night, or rather the morning, for midnight had struck, being bland and populous—they had wedged themselves for refreshment. Waymarsh, as a result of some discussion with his friend, had made a marked virtue of his having now let himself go; and there had been elements of impression in their half-hour over their watered beer-glasses that gave him his occasion for conveying that he held this compromise with his stiffer self to have become extreme. He conveyed it—for it was still, after all, his stiffer self that gloomed out of the glare of the terrace—in solemn silence; and there was indeed a great deal of critical silence, every way, between the companions, even till they gained the Place de l'Opéra, as to the character of their nocturnal progress.

This morning there *were* letters—letters which had reached London, apparently all together, the day of Strether's journey, and had taken their time to follow him; so that, after a controlled impulse to go into them in the reception-room of the bank, which, reminding him of the post-office at Woollett, affected him as the abutment of some transatlantic bridge, he slipped them into the pocket of his loose gray overcoat with a sense of the felicity of carrying them off. Waymarsh, who had had letters yesterday, had had them again to-day, and Waymarsh suggested, in this particular, no controlled impulses. The last one, clearly, at all events, he was likely to be observed to struggle with was that of bringing to a premature close any visit to the Rue Scribe. Strether had left him there yesterday; he wanted to see the papers, and he had spent, by what his friend could make out, a succession of hours with the papers. He spoke of the establishment, with emphasis, as a post of superior observation; just as he spoke generally of his actual damnable doom as a device for hiding from him what was going on. Europe was best described, to his mind, as an elaborate engine for dissociating the confined American from that indispensable knowledge, and was accordingly only rendered bearable by these occasional stations of relief, traps for the arrest of wandering western airs. Strether, on his side, set himself to walk again—he had his relief in his pocket; and indeed, much as he had desired his budget, the growth of restlessness might have been marked in him from the moment he had assured himself of the superscription of most of the missives it contained. This restlessness became therefore his temporary law; he knew he should recognize as soon as he should see it the best place of all for settling down with his chief correspondent. He had for the next hour an accidental air of looking for it in the windows of shops; he came down the Rue de la Paix in the sun and, passing

across the Tuileries and the river, indulged more than once—as if on finding himself determined—in a sudden pause before the book-stalls of the opposite quay. In the garden of the Tuileries he had lingered, on two or three spots, to look; it was as if the wonderful Paris spring had stayed him as he roamed. The prompt Paris morning struck its cheerful notes—in a soft breeze and a sprinkled smell, in the light flit, over the garden-floor, of bareheaded girls with the buckled strap of oblong boxes, in the type of ancient thrifty persons basking betimes where terrace-walls were warm, in the blue-frocked, brass-labelled officialism of humble rakers and scrapers, in the deep references of a straight-pacing priest or the sharp ones of a white-gaitered, red-legged soldier. He watched little brisk figures, figures whose movement was as the tick of the great Paris clock, take their smooth diagonal from point to point; the air had a taste as of something mixed with art, something that presented nature as a white-capped master-*chef*. The palace was gone; Strether remembered the palace; and when he gazed into the irremediable void of its site the historic sense in him might have been freely at play—the play under which in Paris indeed it so often winces like a touched nerve. He filled out spaces with dim symbols of scenes; he caught the gleam of white statues at the base of which, with his letters out, he could tilt back a straw-bottomed chair. But his drift was, for reasons, to the other side, and it floated him unspent up the Rue de Seine and as far as the Luxembourg.

In the Luxembourg gardens he pulled up; here at last he found his nook, and here, on a penny chair from which terraces, alleys, vistas, fountains, little trees in green tubs, little women in white caps and shrill little girls at play all sunnily “composed” together, he passed an hour in which the cup of his impressions seemed truly to overflow. But a week had elapsed since he quitted the ship, and there were more things in his mind than so few days could account for. More than once, during the time, he had regarded himself as admonished; but the admonition, this morning, was formidably sharp. It took as it had not done yet the form of a question—the question of what he was doing with such an extraordinary sense of escape. This sense was sharpest after he had read his letters, but that was also precisely why the question pressed. Four of the letters were from Mrs. Newsome and none of them short; she had lost no time, had followed on his heels while he moved, so expressing herself that he now could measure the probable frequency with which he should hear. They would arrive, it would seem, her communications, at the rate of several a week; he should be able to count, it might even prove, on more than one by each mail. If he had begun yesterday with a small grievance he had therefore an opportunity to begin to-day with its opposite. He read the letters successively and slowly, putting others back into his pocket but keeping these for a long time afterwards gathered in his lap. He held them there, lost in thought, as if to prolong the presence of what

they gave him; or as if, at the least, to assure them their part in the constitution of some lucidity. His friend wrote admirably, and her tone was even more in her style than in her voice—it was almost as if, for the hour, he had had to come to this distance to get its full carrying quality; yet the enormity of his consciousness of difference consisted perfectly with the deepened intensity of the connection. It was the difference, the difference of being just where he was and *as* he was that formed the escape—this difference was so much greater than he had dreamed it would be; and what finally he sat there turning over was the strange logic of his finding himself so free. He felt it in a manner his duty to think out his state, to approve the process, and when he came in fact to trace the steps and add up the items they sufficiently accounted for the sum. He had never expected—that was the truth of it—again to find himself young, and all the years and other things it had taken to make him so were exactly his present arithmetic. He had to make sure of them to put his scruple to rest.

It all sprang at bottom from the beauty of Mrs. Newsome's desire that he should be worried with nothing that was not of the essence of his task; by insisting that he should thoroughly intermit and break she had so provided for his freedom that she would, as it were, have only herself to thank. Strether, however, could not at this point indeed have completed his thought by the image of what she might have to thank herself *for*: the image, at best, of his own likeness—poor Lambert Strether washed up on the sunny strand, thankful for breathing-time, stiffening himself while he gasped, by the waves of a single day. There he was, and there was nothing in his aspect or his posture to scandalize: it was only true that if he had seen Mrs. Newsome coming he would instinctively have jumped up to walk away a little. He would have come round and back to her bravely; but he would have had to pull himself together. She abounded in news of the situation at home, proved to him how perfectly she was arranging for his absence, told him who would take up this and who take up that exactly where he had left it, gave him in fact chapter and verse for the moral that nothing would suffer. It filled for him, this tone of hers, all the air; yet it struck him at the same time as the hum of vain things. This latter effect was what he tried to justify—and with the success that, grave though the appearance, he at last lighted on a form that was happy. He arrived at this form by the inevitable recognition of his having been a fortnight before one of the weariest of men. If ever a man had come off tired Lambert Strether was that man; and hadn't it been distinctly on the ground that he *was* tired that his wonderful friend at home had so felt for him and so contrived? It seemed to him somehow at these instants that, could he only maintain with sufficient firmness his grasp of this truth, it might become in a manner his compass and his helm. What he wanted most was some idea that would sim-

plify, and nothing would do that so much as the fact that he was done for and finished. If it had been in such a light that he had just detected in his cup the dregs of youth, that was a mere flaw of the surface of his scheme. He was so distinctly fagged-out that it must serve precisely as his convenience, and if he could but consistently be good for little enough he might do everything he wanted.

Everything he wanted was comprised moreover in a single boon—the common, unattainable art of taking things as they came. He appeared to himself to have given his best years to an active appreciation of the way they didn't come; but perhaps—as they would seemingly here be things quite other—this long ache might at last drop to rest. He could easily see that from the moment he should accept the notion of his foredoomed collapse the last thing he would lack would be reasons and memories. Oh, if he *should* do the sum, no slate would hold the figures! The fact that he had failed, as he considered, in everything, in each relation and in half a dozen trades, as he liked luxuriously to put it, might have made, might still make, for an empty present; but it stood solidly for a crowded past. It had not been, so much achievement missed, a light yoke nor a short road. It was at present as if the backward picture had hung there, the long crooked course, gray in the shadow of his solitude. It had been a dreadful, cheerful, sociable solitude, a solitude of life, of choice, of community; but though there had been people enough all round it, there had been but three or four persons *in* it. Waymarsh was one of these, and the fact struck him just now as marking the record. Mrs. Newsome was another, and Miss Gostrey had of a sudden shown signs of becoming a third. Beyond, behind them was the pale figure of his real youth, which held against its breast the two presences paler than itself—the young wife he had early lost and the young son he had stupidly sacrificed. He had again and again made out for himself that he might have kept his little boy, his little dull boy, who had died at school, of rapid diphtheria, if he had not in those years so insanely given himself to merely missing the mother. It was the soreness of his remorse that the child had, in all likelihood, not really been dull—had been dull, as he had been banished and neglected, mainly because the father had been unwittingly selfish. This was doubtless but the secret habit of sorrow, which had slowly given way to time; yet there remained an ache sharp enough to make the spirit, at the sight, now and again, of some fair young man just growing up, wince with the thought of an opportunity lost. Had ever a man, he had finally fallen into the way of asking himself, lost so much and even done so much for so little? There had been particular reasons why, all yesterday, beyond other days, he should have had in one ear this cold inquiry. His name on the green cover, where he had put it for Mrs. Newsome, expressed him doubtless just enough to make the world—the world as distinguished, both for more and for less, from Woollett—ask who he was. He had in-

curred the ridicule of having to have his explanation explained. He was Lambert Strether because he was on the cover, whereas it should have been, for anything like glory, that he was on the cover because he was Lambert Strether. He would have done anything for Mrs. Newsome, have been still more ridiculous—as he might, for that matter, have occasion to be yet; which came to saying that this acceptance of fate was all he had at fifty-five to show.

He judged the quantity as small because it *was* small, and all the more egregiously so since it couldn't, as he saw the case, so much as thinkably have been larger. He had not had the gift of making the most of what he tried, and if he had tried and tried again—no one but himself knew how often—it appeared to have been that he might demonstrate what else, in default of that, *could* be made. Old ghosts of experiments came back to him, old drudgeries and delusions and disgusts, old recoveries with their relapses, old fevers with their chills, broken moments of good faith, others of still better doubt; adventures, for the most part, of the sort qualified as lessons. The special spring that had constantly played for him the day before was the recognition—frequent enough to surprise him—of the promises to himself that, after his other visit, he had never kept. The reminiscence that to-day most revived for him was that of the vow taken in the course of the pilgrimage that, newly-married, with the War just over, and helplessly young in spite of it, he had recklessly made with the creature who was so much younger still. It had been a bold dash, for which they had taken money set apart for necessities, but consecrated for them at the moment in a hundred ways, and in none more so than by this private pledge of his own to treat the occasion as a relation formed with the higher culture, to see that, as they said at Woollett, it should bear a good harvest. He had believed, as he sailed home again, that he had gained something great, and his theory—with an elaborate, innocent plan of reading, digesting, coming back, even, every few years—had then been to preserve, cherish and extend it. As such plans as these had come to nothing, however, in respect to acquisitions still more precious, it was doubtless little enough of a marvel that he should have lost account of that handful of seed. Buried for long years in dark corners, at any rate, these few germs had sprouted again under forty-eight hours of Paris. The process of yesterday had really been the process of feeling the general stirred life of connections long since individually dropped. Strether had become acquainted even on this ground with short gusts of speculation—sudden flights of fancy in Louvre galleries, hungry gazes through clear plates behind which lemon-colored volumes were as fresh as fruit on the tree.

These were instants at which he could ask whether, since there had been, fundamentally, so little question of his keeping anything, the fate after all decreed for him hadn't been only to *be* kept. Kept for something, in that event, that he didn't pretend, didn't

possibly dare, as yet, to divine; something that made him hover and wonder and laugh and sigh, made him advance and retreat, feeling half ashamed of his impulse to plunge and more than half afraid of his impulse to wait. He remembered for instance how he had gone back in the sixties with lemon-colored volumes in general on the brain as well as with a dozen—selected for his wife too—in his trunk; and nothing had at the moment shown more confidence than this invocation of the finer taste. They were still somewhere at home, the dozen—stale and soiled and never sent to the binder; but what had become of the sharp initiation they represented? They represented now the mere sallow paint on the door of the temple of taste that he had dreamed of raising up—a structure that he had practically never carried further. Strether's present highest flights were perhaps those in which this particular lapse figured to him as a symbol, a symbol of his long grind and his want of odd moments, his want moreover of money, of opportunity, of positive dignity. That the memory of the vow of his youth should, in order to throb again, have had to wait for this last, as he felt it, of all his accidents—that was surely proof enough of how his conscience had been encumbered. If any further proof were needed it would have been to be found in the fact that, as he perfectly now saw, he had ceased even to measure his meagreness, a meagreness that sprawled, in this retrospect, vague and comprehensive, stretching back like some unmapped Hinterland from a rough coast-settlement. His conscience had been amusing itself, for the forty-eight hours, by forbidding him the purchase of a book; he held off from that, held off from everything; from the moment he didn't yet call on Chad he wouldn't for the world have taken any other step. On this evidence, however, of the way they actually affected him, he glared at the lemon-colored covers with the fancy of the sub-consciousness that, all the same, in the great desert of the years, he must have had of them. The green covers at home comprised, by the law of their purpose, no tribute to letters; it was of a mere rich kernel of economics, politics, ethics that, glazed and, as Mrs. Newsome maintained, rather against *his* view, pre-eminently pleasant to touch, they formed the specious shell. Without, therefore, any needed instinctive knowledge of what was coming out, in Paris, on the bright highway, he struck himself at present as having more than once flushed with a suspicion: he couldn't otherwise at present be feeling so many fears confirmed. There were "movements" he was too late for—weren't they, with the fun of them, already spent? There were sequences he had missed and great gaps in the procession: he might have been watching it all recede in a golden cloud of dust. If the playhouse was not closed, his seat at least had fallen to somebody else. He had had an uneasy feeling the night before that if he was at the theatre at all—though he indeed justified the theatre, in the specific sense, and with a grotesqueness to which his imagination did all

honor, as something he owed poor Waymarsh—he should have been there with, and as might have been said, *for* Chad.

He pulled himself then at last together for his own progress back; not with the feeling that he had taken his walk in vain. He prolonged it a little, in the immediate neighborhood, after he had quitted his chair; and the upshot of the whole morning for him was that his campaign had begun. He had wanted to put himself in relation, and he would be hanged if he were *not* in relation. He was at no moment so much so as while, under the old arches of the Odéon, he lingered before the charming open-air array of literature classic and casual. He thought the effect of tone and tint, in the long charged tables and shelves, delicate and appetizing; the impression—substituting one kind of low-priced *consummation* for another—might have been that of one of the pleasant cafés that overlapped, under an awning, to the pavement; but he edged along, grazing the tables, with his hands firmly behind him. He wasn't there to dip, to consume—he was there to reconstruct. He wasn't there for his own profit—not, that is, the direct; he was there on some chance of feeling the brush of the wing of the stray spirit of youth. He felt it in fact, he had it beside him; the old arcade indeed, as his inner sense listened, gave out the faint sound, as from far-off, of the wild waving of wings. They were folded now over the breasts of buried generations; but a flutter or two lived again in the turned page of shock-headed, slouch-hatted loiterers whose young intensity of type, in the direction of pale acuteness, deepened his vision, and even his appreciation, of racial differences, and whose manipulation of the uncut volume was too often, however, but a listening at closed doors. He reconstructed a possible groping Chad of three or four years before, a Chad who had, after all, simply—for that was the only way to see it—been too vulgar for his privilege. Surely it *was* a privilege to have been young and happy just there. Well, the best thing Strether knew of him was that he had had such a dream.

But his own actual business, half an hour later, was with a third floor on the Boulevard Maeshherbes—so much as that was definite; and the fact of the enjoyment by the third-floor windows of a continuous balcony, to which he was helped by this knowledge, had perhaps something to do with his lingering for five minutes on the opposite side of the street. There were points as to which he had quite made up his mind, and one of these bore precisely on the wisdom of the abruptness to which events had finally committed him, a policy that he was pleased to find not at all shaken as he now looked at his watch and wondered. He *had* announced himself—six months before; had written out, at least, that Chad was not to be surprised should he see him some day turn up. Chad had thereupon, in a few words of rather carefully colorless answer, offered him a general welcome; and Strether, ruefully reflecting that he might have understood the warning as a hint to hospitality,

a bid for an invitation, had fallen back upon silence as the corrective most to his own taste. He had asked Mrs. Newsome moreover not to announce him again; he had so distinct an opinion on attacking his job, should he attack it at all, in his own way. Not the least of this lady's high merits for him was that he could absolutely rest on her word. She was the only woman he had known, even at Woollett, as to whom his conviction was positive that to lie was beyond her art. Sarah Pocock, for instance, her own daughter, though with social ideals, as they said, in some respects different—Sarah who *was*, in her way, æsthetic, had never refused to human commerce that mitigation of rigor; there were occasions when he had distinctly seen her apply it. Since, accordingly, at all events, he had had it from Mrs. Newsome that she had, at whatever cost to her more strenuous view, conformed, in the matter of preparing Chad, wholly to his restrictions, he now looked up at the fine continuous balcony with a safe sense that if the case had been bungled the mistake was at least his property. Was there perhaps just a suspicion of that in his present pause on the edge of the Boulevard and well in the pleasant light?

Many things came over him here, and one of them was that he should doubtless presently know whether he had been shallow or sharp. Another was that the balcony in question didn't somehow show as a convenience easy to surrender. Poor Strether had at this very moment to recognize the truth that, wherever one paused in Paris, the imagination, before one could stop it, reacted. This perpetual reaction put a price, if one would, on pauses; but it piled up consequences till there was scarce room to pick one's steps among them. What call had he, at such a juncture, for instance, to like Chad's very house? High, broad, clear—he was expert enough to make out in a moment that it was admirably built—it fairly embarrassed our friend by the quality that, as he would have said, it "sprang" on him. He had struck off the fancy that it might, as a preliminary, be of service to him to be seen, by a happy accident, from the third-story windows, which took all the March sun; but of what service was it to find himself making out after a moment that the quality "sprung," the quality produced by measure and balance, the fine relation of part to part and space to space, was probably—aided by the presence of ornament as positive as it was discreet, and by the complexion of the stone, a cold, fair gray, warmed and polished a little by life—neither more nor less than a case of distinction, such a case as he could only feel, unexpectedly, as a sort of delivered challenge? Meanwhile, however, the chance he had allowed for—the chance of being seen, in time, from the balcony—had become a fact. Two or three of the windows stood open to the violet air; and, before Strether had cut the knot by crossing, a young man had come out and looked about him, had lighted a cigarette and tossed the match over, and then, resting on the rail, had given himself up, while he smoked, to watching the

life below. His arrival contributed, in its order, to keeping Strether in position; the result of which, in turn, was that Strether soon felt himself noticed. The young man began to look at him as in acknowledgment of his being himself in observation.

This was interesting so far as it went, but the interest was affected by the young man's not being Chad. Strether wondered at first if he were perhaps Chad altered; then he saw that this was asking too much of alteration. The young man was light, bright and alert—with an air too pleasant to have been arrived at by patching. Strether had conceived Chad as patched, but not beyond recognition. He was in presence, he felt, of amendments enough as they stood; it was a sufficient amendment that the gentleman up there should be Chad's friend. He was young too then, the gentleman up there—he was very young; young enough, apparently, to be amused at an elderly watcher, to be curious even to see what the elderly watcher would do on finding himself watched. There was youth in that, there was youth in the surrender to the balcony, there was youth, for Strether, at this moment, in everything but his own business; and Chad's thus pronounced association with youth had given, the next instant, an extraordinary quick lift to the issue. The balcony, the distinguished front testified suddenly, for Strether's fancy, to something that was up and up; they placed the whole case materially, and as by an admirable image, on a level that he found himself at the end of another moment rejoicing to think he might reach. The young man looked at him still; he looked at the young man; and the issue, by a rapid process, was that this knowledge of a perched privacy appeared to him the last of luxuries. To him too the perched privacy was open, and he saw it now but in one light—that of the only domicile, the only fireside in the great ironic city on which he had the shadow of a claim. Miss Gostrey had a fireside; she had told him of it, and it was something that doubtless awaited him; but Miss Gostrey had not yet arrived—she mightn't arrive for days; and the sole attenuation of his excluded state was his vision of the small, the admittedly secondary hotel in the by-street from the Rue de la Paix, in which her solicitude for his purse had placed him, which affected him somehow as all in-door chill, glass-roofed court and slippery staircase, and which was, by the same token, pervaded by Waymarsh even at times when Waymarsh might have been certain to be round at the bank. It came to pass before he moved that Waymarsh, and Waymarsh alone, Waymarsh not only undiluted but positively strengthened, struck him as the present alternative to the young man in the balcony. When he did move it was fairly to escape that alternative. Taking his way over the street at last and passing through the *porte-cochère* of the house was like consciously leaving Waymarsh out. However, he would tell him all about it.

(To be continued.)